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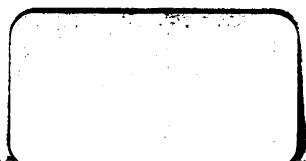
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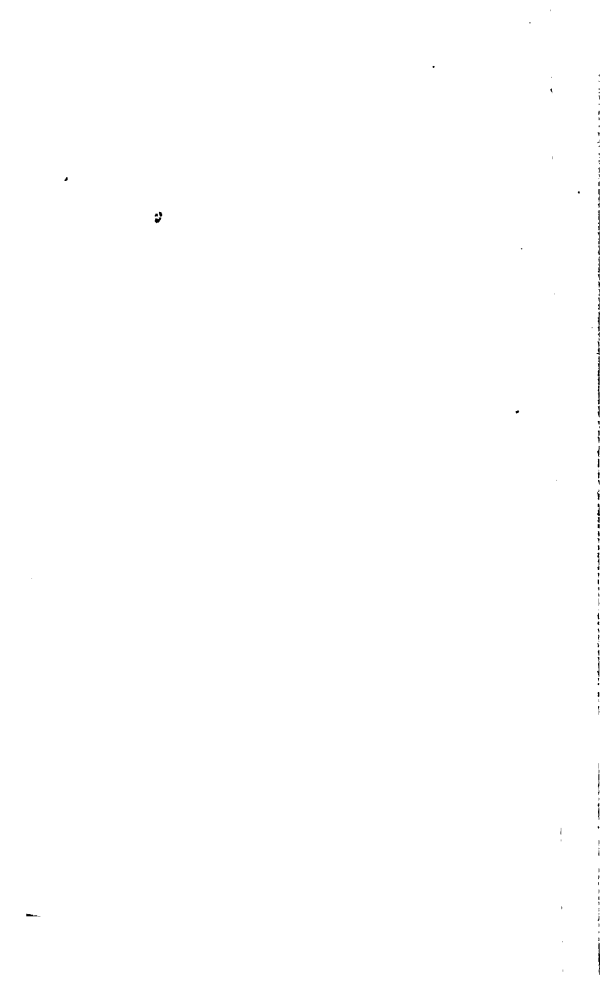
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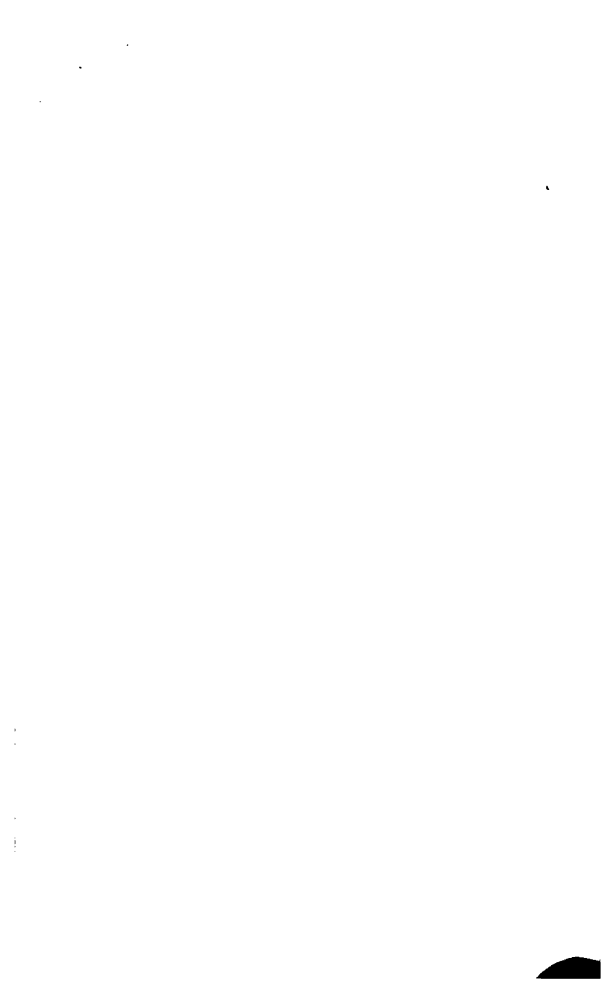
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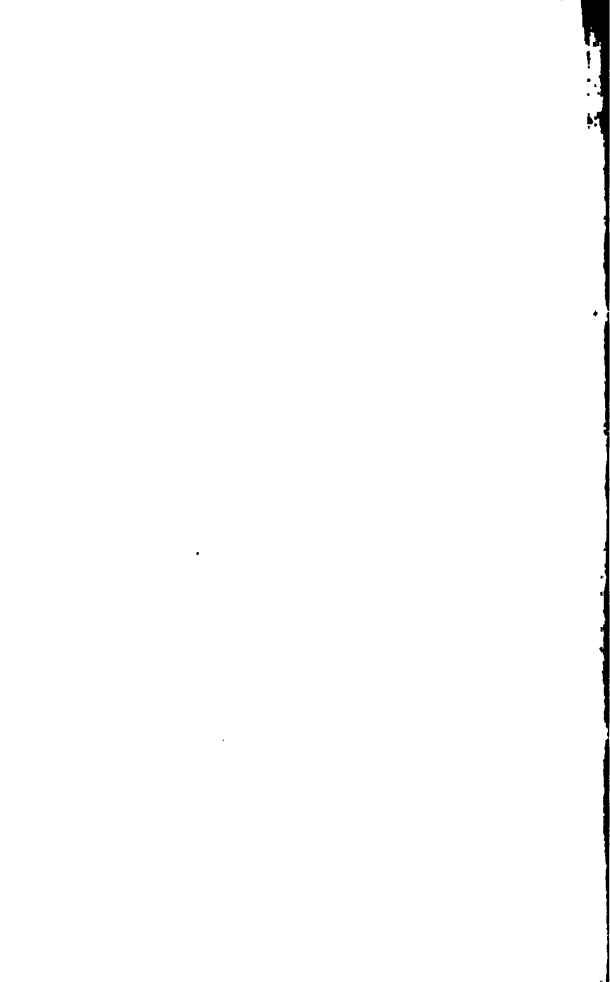
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NAS
Aik'in







EVENINGS AT HOME;
OR,
THE JUVENILE BUDGET OPENED:
710³ CONSISTING OF
A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES
FOR THE
Instruction and Amusement
OF
YOUNG PERSONS.

BY J. AIKIN, M.D.
AND
MRS. BARBAULD.

IN SIX VOLUMES.
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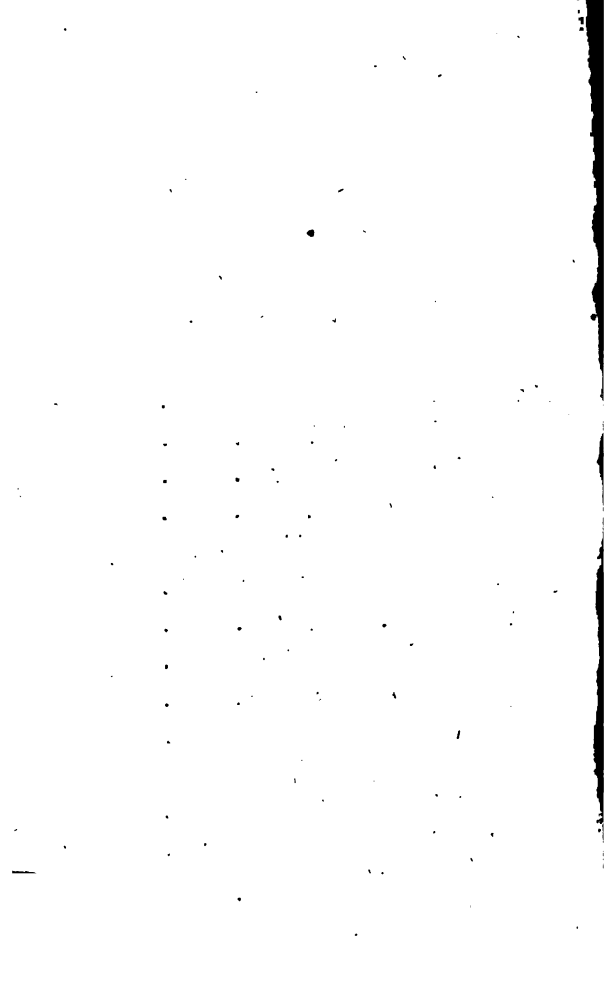
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SIXTEENTH EVENING.

PERSEVERANCE AGAINST FORTUNE.

A STORY.

THEODORE was a boy of lively parts and engaging manners ; but he had the failing of being extremely impatient in his temper, and inclined to extremes. He was ardent in all his pursuits, but could bear no disappointment ; and if the least thing went wrong, he threw up what he was about in a pet, and could not be prevailed upon to resume it. His father (*Mr. Carleton*) had given him a bed in the garden, which he had cultivated with great delight. The borders were set with double daisies of different colours, next to which was a row

of auriculas and polyanthuses. Beyond were stocks and other taller flowers and shrubs ; and a beautiful damask rose graced the centre. This rose was just budding, and *Theodore* watched its daily progress with great interest. One unfortunate day, the door of the garden being left open, a drove of pigs entered, and began to riot on the herbs and flowers. An alarm being sounded, *Theodore* and the servant boy rushed upon them, smacking their whips. The whole herd, in affright, took their course across *Theodore's* flower-bed, on which some of them had before been grazing. Stocks, daisies, and auriculas were all trampled down or torn up : and, what was worst of all, a large old sow ran directly over the beautiful rose-tree, and broke off its stem level with the ground. When *Theodore* came up and beheld all the mischief, and especially his favourite rose strewed on the

soil, rage and grief choked his utterance. After standing awhile the picture of despair, he snatched up a spade that stood near, and with furious haste dug over the whole bed, and whelmed all the relics of his flowers deep under the soil. This exertion being ended, he burst into tears, and silently left the garden.

His father, who had beheld the scene at a distance, though somewhat diverted at the boy's childish violence, yet began seriously to reflect on the future consequences of such a temper, if suffered to grow up without restraint. He said nothing to him at the time, but in the afternoon he took him a walk into a neighbouring parish. There was a large wild common, and at the skirts of it, a neat farm-house with fields lying round it, all well fenced, and cultivated in the best manner. The air was sweetened with the bean-flower and

clover. An orchard of fine young fruit-trees lay behind the house ; and before it a little garden, gay with all the flowers of the season. A stand of beehives was on the southern side, sheltered by a thick hedge of honeysuckle and sweet-brier. The farm-yard was stocked with pigs and poultry. A herd of cows with full udders was just coming home to be milked. Every thing wore the aspect of plenty and good management. The charms of the scene struck *Theodore* very forcibly, and he expressed his pleasure in the warmest terms. This place, said his father, belongs to a man who is the greatest example I know of patient fortitude bearing up against misfortune ; and all that you see is the reward of his own perseverance. I am a little acquainted with him ; and we will go in and beg a draught of milk, and try if we can prevail upon him to tell us his story. *Theodore* willingly accom-

panied his father. They were received by the farmer with cordial frankness. After they were seated, 'Mr. *Hardman* (says Mr. *Carleton*,) I have often heard of part of your adventures, but never had a regular account of the whole. If you will favour me and my little boy with the story of them, we shall think ourselves much obliged to you. Lack-a-day! sir (said he), there's little in them worth telling of, as far as I know. I have had my ups and downs in the world, to be sure, but so have many men besides. However, if you wish to hear about them, they are at your service; and I can't say but it gives me pleasure sometimes to talk over old matters, and think how much better things have turned out than might have been expected. Now I am of opinion (said Mr. C.) that from your spirit and perseverance a good conclusion might always have been ex-

pected. You are pleased to compliment, sir (replied the farmer); but I will begin without more words.

You may perhaps have heard that my father was a man of good estate. He thought of nothing, poor man! but how to spend it; and he had the uncommon luck to spend it twice over. For when he was obliged to sell it the first time, it was bought in by a relation, who left it him again by his will. But my poor father was not a man to take warning. He fell to living as he had done before, and just made his estate and his life hold out together. He died at the age of five and forty, and left his family beggars. I believe he would not have taken to drinking, as he did, had it not been for his impatient temper, which made him fret and vex himself for every trifle, and then he had nothing for it but to drown his care in liquor.

It was my lot to be taken by my mother's brother, who was master of a merchant ship. I served him as an apprentice several years, and underwent a good deal of the usual hardship of a sailor's life. He had just made me his mate in a voyage up the Mediterranean, when we had the misfortune to be wrecked on the coast of Morocco. The ship struck at some distance from shore, and we lay a long stormy night with the waves dashing over us, expecting every moment to perish. My uncle and several of the crew died of fatigue and want, and by morning but four of us were left alive. My companions were so disheartened, that they thought of nothing but submitting to their fate. For my part, I thought life still worth struggling for; and the weather having become calmer, I persuaded them to join me in making a kind of raft, by the help of which, with much toil and danger, we reached the land. Here

we were seized by the barbarous inhabitants, and carried up the country for slaves to the emperor. We were employed about some public buildings, made to work very hard with the whip at our backs, and allowed nothing but water and a kind of pulse. I have heard persons talk as if there was little in being a slave but the name; but they who have been slaves themselves I am sure will never make light of slavery in others. A ransom was set on our heads, but so high, that it seemed impossible for poor friendless creatures like us ever to pay it. The thought of perpetual servitude, together with the hard treatment we met with, quite overcame my poor companions. They drooped and died one after another. I still thought it not impossible to mend my condition, and perhaps to recover my freedom. We worked about twelve hours in the day, and had one holiday in the week. I

employed my leisure time in learning to make mats and flag baskets, in which I soon became so expert as to have good many for sale, and thereby got little money to purchase better food and several small conveniences. We were afterwards set to work in the emperor's gardens ; and here I showed so much good-will and attention, that I got into favour with the overseer. He had a large garden of his own, and he made interest for me to be suffered to work for him alone, on the condition of paying a man to do my duty. I soon became so useful to him that he treated me more like a hired servant than a slave, and gave me regular wages. I learned the language of the country, and might have passed my time comfortably enough, could I have accommodated myself to the manners and religion, and forgot my native land. I saved all I could in order to purchase my freedom ; but

the ransom was so high that I had little prospect of being able to do it for some years to come. A circumstance, however, happened which brought it about at once. Some villains one night laid a plot to murder my master and plunder his house. I slept in a little shed in the garden where the tools lay; and being awakened by a noise, I saw four men break through the fence, and walk up an alley towards the house. I crept out with a spade in my hand, and silently followed them. They made a hole with instruments in the house-wall big enough for a man to enter at. Two of them had got in, and the third was beginning to enter when I rushed forward, and with a blow of my spade clove the scull of one of the robbers, and gave the other such a stroke on the shoulder as disabled him. I then made a loud outcry to alarm the family. My master and his son, who lay in the house, got up,

and having let me in, we secured the two others, after a sharp conflict, in which I received a severe wound with a dagger. My master, who looked upon me as his preserver, had all possible care taken of me, and as soon as I was cured, made me a present of my liberty. He would fain have kept me with him, but my mind was so much bent on returning to my native country, that I immediately set out to the nearest seaport, and took my passage in a vessel going to Gibraltar.

From this place I returned in the first ship for England. As soon as we arrived in the Downs, and I was rejoicing at the sight of the white cliffs, a man of war's boat came on board, and pressed into the king's service all of us who were seamen. I could not but think it hard that this should be my welcome at home after a long slavery, but there was no remedy. I resolved

to do my duty in my station, and leave the rest to Providence. I was abroad during the remainder of the war, and saw many a stout fellow sink under disease and despondence. My knowledge of seamanship got me promoted to the post of a petty officer, and at the peace I was paid off, and received a pretty sum for wages and prize-money. With this I set off for London. I had experienced too much distress from want, to be inclined to squander away my money, so I put it into a banker's hands, and began to look out for some new way of life.

Unfortunately, there were some things of which I had no more experience than a child, and the tricks of London were among these. An advertisement offering extraordinary advantages to a partner in a commercial concern, who could bring a small capital, tempted me to make inquiry

about the matter; and I was soon cajoled by a plausible artful fellow to venture my whole stock in it. The business was a manufacture, about which I knew nothing at all; but as I was not afraid of my labour, I set about working as they directed me, with great diligence, and thought all was going on prosperously. One morning, on coming to the office, I found my partners decamped; and the same day I was arrested for a considerable sum due by the partnership. It was in vain for me to think of getting bail, so I was obliged to go to prison. Here I should have been half-starved, but for my Moorish trade of mat-making, by the help of which I bettered my condition for some months; when the creditors, finding that nothing could be got out of me, suffered me to be set at liberty.

I was now in the wide world with-

out a farthing or a friend, but I thanked God that I had health and limbs left.

I did not choose to trust the sea again, but preferred my other new trade of gardening ; so I applied to a nursery-man near town, and was received as a day-labourer. I set myself cheerfully to work, taking care to be in the grounds the first man in the morning, and the last at night. I acquainted my employer with all the practices I had observed in Morocco, and got him, in return, to instruct me in his own. In time, I came to be considered as a skilful workman, and was advanced to higher wages. My affairs were in a flourishing state. I was well fed, and comfortably lodged, and saved money into the bargain. About this time I fell in company with a young woman at service, very notable and well behaved, who seemed well qualified for a wife to a working man.

I ventured to make an offer to her, which proved not disagreeable; and after we had calculated a little how we were to live, we married. I took a cottage with an acre or two of land to it, and my wife's savings furnished our house, and bought a cow. All my leisure time I spent upon my piece of ground, which I made very productive, and the profits of my cow, with my wages, supported us very well. No mortal, I think, could be happier than I was after a hard day's work, by my own fire-side, with my wife beside me, and our little infant on my knee.

After this way of life had lasted two or three years, a gentleman who had dealt largely with my master for young plants, asked him if he could recommend an honest industrious man for a tenant, upon some land that he had lately taken in from the sea.

My master, willing to do me a kindness, mentioned me. I was tempted by the proposal, and going down to view the premises, I took a farm upon a lease at a low rent, and removed my family and goods to it, one hundred and fifty miles from London. There was ground enough for money, but much was left to be done for it in draining, manuring, and fencing. Then it required more stock than I was able to furnish ; so, though unwilling, I was obliged to borrow some money of my landlord, who let me have it at a moderate interest. I began with a good heart, and worked late and early to put things into the best condition. My first misfortune was that the place proved unhealthy to us. I fell into a lingering ague, which pulled me down much, and hindered my business. My wife got a slow fever, and so did our eldest child (we had

now two, 'and another coming). The poor child died ; and what with grief and illness, my wife had much ado to recover. Then the rot got among my sheep, and carried off the best part of my stock. I bore up against distress as well as I could ; and by the kindness of my landlord, was enabled to bring things tolerably about again. We regained our health, and began to be seasoned to the climate. As we were cheering ourselves with the prospect of better times, a dreadful storm arose—it was one night in February—I shall never forget it—and drove the spring tide with such fury against our sea-banks, that they gave way. The water rushed in with such force, that all was presently a sea. Two hours before daylight I was awakened by the noise of the waves dashing against our house, and bursting in at the door. My wife had lain in about a month, and she

and I, and the two children, slept on a ground floor. We had just time to carry the children up stairs, before all was afloat in the room. When day appeared, we could see nothing from the windows but water. All the out-houses, ricks, and utensils were swept away, and all the cattle and sheep drowned. The sea kept rising, and the force of the current bore so hard against our house, that we thought every moment it must fall. We clasped our babies to our breasts, and expected nothing but present death. At length we spied a boat coming to us. With a good deal of difficulty it got under our window, and took us in with a servant-maid and boy. A few clothes was all the property we saved ; and we had not left the house half an hour, before it fell, and in a minute nothing was to be seen of it. Not only the farm-house, but the farm itself was gone.

I was now again a ruined man, and, what was worse, I had three partners in my ruin. My wife and I looked at one another and then at our little ones, and wept. Neither of us had a word of comfort to say. At last, thought I, this country is not Morocco, however. Here are good souls that will pity our case, and perhaps relieve us. Then I have a character, and a pair of hands. Things are bad, but they might have been worse. I took my wife by the hand, and knelt down. She did the same. I thanked God for his mercy in saving our lives, and prayed that he would continue to protect us. We rose up with lightened hearts, and were able to talk calmly about our condition. It was my desire to return to my former master, the nursery-man; but how to convey my family so far without money was the difficulty. Indeed I was much worse than nothing, for I owed a good

deal to my landlord. He came down upon the news of the misfortune, and though his own losses were heavy, he not only forgave my debt and released me from all obligations, but made me a small present. Some charitable neighbours did the like; but I was most of all affected by the kindness of our late maid-servant, who insisted upon our accepting of a crown which she had saved out of her wages. Poor soul! we had always treated her like one of ourselves, and she felt for us like one.

As soon as we had got some necessities, and the weather was tolerable, we set out on our long march. My wife carried her infant in her arms. I took the bigger child on my back, and a bundle of clothes in my hand. We could walk but a few miles a day, but we now and then got a lift in an empty waggon or cart, which was a

great help to us. One day we met with a farmer returning with his team from market, who let me ride, and entered into conversation with me. I told him of my adventures, by which he seemed much interested; and learning that I was skilled in managing trees, he acquainted me that a nobleman in his neighbourhood was making great plantations, and would very likely be glad to engage me; and he offered to carry us to the place. As all I was seeking was a living by my labour, I thought the sooner I got it the better; so I thankfully accepted his offer. He took us to the nobleman's steward, and made known our case. The steward wrote to my old master for a character; and receiving a favourable one, he hired me as a principal manager of a new plantation, and settled me and my family in a snug cottage near it. He advanced us somewhat for a little fur-

niture and present subsistence; and we had once more a *home*. O Sir! how many blessings are contained in that word to those who have known the want of it!

I entered upon my new employment with as much satisfaction as if I was taking possession of an estate. My wife had enough to do in taking care of the house and children; so it lay with me to provide for all, and I may say that I was not idle. Besides my weekly pay from the steward, I contrived to make a little money at leisure times by pruning and dressing gentlemen's fruit trees. I was allowed a piece of waste ground behind the house for a garden, and I spent a good deal of labour in bringing it into order. My old master sent me down for a present some choice young trees and flower roots, which I planted, and they throve wonderfully. Things went on almost

as well as I could desire. The situation being dry and healthy, my wife recovered her lost bloom, and the children sprung up like my plants. I began to hope that I was almost out of the reach of further misfortune ; but it was not so ordered.

I had been three years in this situation, and increased my family with another child, when my lord died. He was succeeded by a very dissipated young man, deep in debt, who presently put a stop to the planting and improving of the estate, and sent orders to turn off all the workmen. This was a great blow to me ; however, I still hoped to be allowed to keep my little house and garden, and I thought I could then maintain myself as a nursery-man and gardener. But a new steward was sent down, with directions to rack the tenants to the utmost. He asked me as much

rent for the place as if I had found the garden ready made to my hands ; and when I told him it was impossible for me to pay it, he gave me notice to quit immediately. He would neither suffer me to take away my trees and plants, nor allow me any thing for them. His view, I found, was to put in a favourite of his own, and set him up at my expense. I remonstrated against this cruel injustice, but could obtain nothing but hard words. As I saw it would be the ruin of me to be turned out in that manner, I determined, rather hastily, to go up to London, and plead my cause with my new lord. I took a sorrowful leave of my family, and walking to the next market town, I got a place on the outside of the stage coach. When we were within thirty or forty miles of London, the coachman overturned the carriage, and I pitched

directly on my head, and was taken up senseless. Nobody knew any thing about me; so I was carried to the next village, where the overseer had me taken to the parish workhouse. Here I lay a fortnight, much neglected, before I came to my senses. As soon as I became sensible of my condition, I was almost distracted in thinking of the distress of my poor wife, who was near lying in, must be under on my account, not hearing any thing of me. I lay another fortnight before I was fit to travel, for besides the hurt on my head, I had a broken collar-bone, and several bruises. My money had somehow all got out of my pocket, and I had no other means of getting away than by being passed to my own parish. I returned in sad plight indeed, and found my wife very ill in bed. My children were crying about her, and almost starving. We should now have

been quite lost, had I not raised a little money by selling our furniture; for I was yet unable to work. As soon as my wife was somewhat recovered, we were forced to quit our house. I cried like a child on leaving my blooming garden and flourishing plantations, and was almost tempted to demolish them, rather than another should unjustly reap the fruit of my labours. But I checked myself, and I am glad I did. We took lodgings in a neighbouring village, and I went round among the gentlemen of the country to see if I could get a little employment. In the mean time the former steward came down to settle accounts with his successor, and was much concerned to find me in such a situation. He was a very able and honest man, and had been engaged by another nobleman to superintend a large improvable estate in a distant

part of the kingdom. He told me, if I would try my fortune with him once more, he would endeavour to procure me a new settlement. I had nothing to lose, and therefore was willing enough to run any hazard, but I was destitute of means to convey my family to such a distance. My good friend, who was much provoked at the injustice of the new steward, said so much to him, that he brought him to make me an allowance for my garden ; and with that I was enabled to make another removal. It was to the place I now inhabit.

When I came here, Sir, all this farm was a naked common, like that you crossed in coming. My lord got an enclosure bill for his part of it, and the steward divided it into different farms, and let it on improving leases to several tenants. A dreary spot to be sure it looked at first, enough to

sink a man's heart to sit down upon it ! I had a little unfinished cottage given me to live in ; and as I had nothing to stock a farm, I was for some years employed as head labourer and planter about the new enclosures. By very hard working and saving, together with a little help, I was at length enabled to take a small part of the ground I now occupy. I had various discouragements, from bad seasons and other accidents. One year the distemper carried off four out of seven cows that I kept ; another year I lost two of my best horses. A high wind once almost entirely destroyed an orchard I had just planted, and blew down my biggest barn. But I was too much used to misfortunes to be easily disheartened, and my way always was to set about repairing them in the best manner I could, and leave the rest to Heaven. This method seems

to have answered at last. I have now gone on many years in a course of continued prosperity, adding field to field, increasing my stock, and bringing up a numerous family with credit. My dear wife, who was my faithful partner through so much distress, continues to share my prosperous state; and few couples in the kingdom, I believe, have more cause to be thankful for their lot. This, Sir, is my history. You see it contains nothing very extraordinary; but if it impresses on the mind of this young gentleman the maxim that patience and perseverance will scarcely fail of a good issue in the end, the time you have spent in listening to it will not entirely be lost.

Mr. *Carleton* thanked the good farmer very heartily for the amusement and instruction he had afforded them, and took leave with many expressions of regard. *Theodore* and he walked

home, talking by the way of what they had heard.

Next morning, Mr. C. looking out of the window, saw *Theodore* hard at work in his garden. He was carefully disinterring his buried flowers, trimming and cleaning them, and planting them anew. He had got the gardener to cut a slip of the broken rose tree, and set it in the middle to give it a chance for growing. By noon every thing was laid smooth and neat, and the bed was well filled. All its splendour, indeed, was gone for the present, but it seemed in a hopeful way to revive again. *Theodore* looked with pleasure over his work ; but his father felt more pleasure in witnessing the first fruits of farmer *Hardman's* story.

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

ON METALS.

PART I.

E George and Harry, with their Tutor, one day in their walk were driven by the rain to take shelter in a blacksmith's shed. The shower lasting some time, the boys, in order to amuse themselves, began to examine the things around them. The great bellows first attracted their notice, and they admired the roaring it made, and the expedition with which it raised the fire to a heat too intense for them to look at. They were surprised at the dexterity with which the smith fashioned a bar of iron into a horse-shoe; first beating it, then hammering it well on the anvil,

cutting off a proper length, bending it round, turning up the ends, and lastly, punching the nail-holes. They watched the whole process of fitting it to the horse's foot, and fastening it on ; and it had become fair some minutes before they shewed a desire to leave the shop and proceed on their walk.

I should never have thought (says *George*, beginning the conversation), that such a hard thing as iron could have been so easily managed.

Nor I neither, said *Harry*.

Tut. It was managed, you saw, by the help of fire. The fire made it soft and flexible, so that the smith could easily hammer it, and cut it, and bend it to the shape he wanted ; and then dipping it in the water, made it hard again.

G. Are all other metals managed in the same manner?

T. They are all worked by the help

of fire in some way or other, either in melting them, or making them soft.

G. There are a good many sorts of metals, are there not?

T. Yes, several; and if you have a mind I will tell you about them, and their uses.

G. Pray do, Sir.

H. Yes; I should like to hear it of all things.

T. Well then. First let us consider what a metal is. Do you think you should know one from a stone?

G. A stone!—Yes, I could not mistake a piece of lead or iron for a stone.

T. How would you distinguish it?

G. A metal is bright and shining.

T. True—brilliance is one of their qualities. But glass and crystal are very bright, too.

H. But one may see through glass, and not through a piece of metal.

T. Right. Metals are brilliant, but opaque, or not transparent. The thinnest plate of metal that can be made, will keep out the light as effectually as a stone wall.

G. Metals are very heavy too.

T. True. They are the heaviest bodies in nature ; for the lightest metal is nearly twice as heavy as the heaviest stone. Well, what else ?

G. Why, they will bear beating with a hammer, which a stone would not, without flying in pieces.

T. Yes ; that property of extending or spreading under the hammer is called *malleability* ; and another, like it, is that of bearing to be drawn out into a wire, which is called *ductility*. Metals have both these, and much of their use depends upon them.

G. Metals will melt too.

H. What ! will iron melt ?

T. Yes ; all metals will melt, though

some require greater heat than others. The property of melting is called *fusibility*. Do you know any thing more about them ?

G. No ; except that they come out of the ground, I believe.

T. That is properly added, for it is this circumstance which makes them rank among *fossils*, or minerals. To sum up their character, then, a metal is a brilliant, opaque, heavy, malleable, ductile, and fusible mineral.

G. I think I can hardly remember all that.

T. The names may slip your memory, but you cannot see metals at all used, without being sensible of the things.

G. But what are *ores* ? I remember seeing a heap of iron ore which men were breaking with hammers, and it looked only like stones.

T. The *ore* of a metal is the state in which it is generally met with in the earth, when it is so mixed with stony and other matters, as not to show its proper qualities as a metal.

H. How do people know it then?

T. By experience. It was probably accident that in the early ages discovered that certain fossils by the force of fire might be made to yield a metal. The experiment was repeated on other fossils; so that in length of time all the different metals were found out, and all the different forms in which they lie concealed in the ground. The knowledge of this is called *Mineralogy*, and a very important science it is.

G. Yes, I suppose so; for metals are very valuable things. Our next neighbour, Mr. Stirling, I have heard, gets a great deal of money every year from his mines in Wales.

T. He does. The mineral riches of

some countries are much superior to that of their products above ground, and the revenues of many kings are in great part derived from their mines.

H. I suppose they must be gold and silver mines.

T. Those, to be sure, are the most valuable, if the metals are found in tolerable abundance. But do you know why they are so?

H. Because money is made of gold and silver.

T. That is a principal reason, no doubt. But these metals have intrinsic properties that make them highly valuable, else probably they would not have been chosen in so many countries to make money of. In the first place, gold and silver are both *perfect metals*, that is, indestructible in the fire. Other metals, if kept a considerable time in the fire, change by degrees into a

or scaly matter called a calx. You have melted lead, I dare say.

G. Yes, often.

T. Have you not, then, perceived a drossy film collect upon its surface after it had been kept melting a while?

G. Yes.

T. That is a calx; and in time the whole lead would change to such a substance. You may see, too, when you have heated the poker red-hot, some scales separate from it, which are brittle and drossy.

H. Yes, the kitchen poker is almost burnt away by putting it into the fire.

T. Well—all metals undergo these changes, except gold and silver; but these, if kept ever so long in the hottest fire, sustain no loss or change. They are therefore called *perfect metals*. Gold has several other remarkable properties. It is the heaviest of all metals.

H. What, is it, heavier than lead?

T. Yes—about half as heavy again. It is between nineteen and twenty times as heavy as an equal bulk of water. This great weight is a ready means of discovering counterfeit gold coin from genuine; for as gold must be adulterated with something much lighter than itself, a false coin, if of the same weight with the true, will be sensibly bigger. Gold, too, is the most ductile of all metals. You have seen leaf-gold?

G. Yes; I bought a book of it once.

T. Leaf-gold is made by beating a plate of gold placed between pieces of skin, with heavy hammers, till it is spread out to the utmost degree of thinness. And so great is its capacity for being extended, that a single grain of the metal, which would be scarce bigger than a large pin's head, is

beaten out to a surface of fifty square inches.

G. That is wonderful indeed! but I know leaf-gold must be very thin, for it will almost float upon the air.

T. By drawing gold out to a wire, it may be still further extended. Gold wire, as it is called, is made with silver overlaid with a small proportion of gold, and they are drawn out together. In the wire commonly used for laces, and embroidery, and the like, a grain of gold is made completely to cover a length of three hundred and fifty-two feet; and when it is stretched still farther by flattening, it will reach four hundred and one feet.

G. Prodigious! What a vast way a guinea might be drawn out then!

T. Yes, the gold of a guinea at that rate would reach above nine miles and a half. This property in gold of being capable of extension to so extraordinary

a degree is owing to its great tenacity or cohesion of particles, which is such, that you can scarcely break a piece of gold wire by twisting it ; and a wire of gold will sustain a greater weight than one of any other metal, equally thick.

H. Then it would make very good wire for hanging bells.

T. It would ; but such bell-hanging would come rather too dear. Another valuable quality of gold is its fine colour. You know scarce any thing makes a more splendid appearance than gilding. And a peculiar advantage of it is, that gold is not liable to rust or tarnish as other metals are. It will keep its colour fresh for a great many years in a pure and clear air.

H. I remember the vane of the church-steeple was new gilt two years ago, and it looks as well as at first.

T. This property of not rusting would render gold very useful for a

variety of purposes, if it were more common. It would make excellent cooking utensils, water-pipes, mathematical instruments, clock-work, and the like.

G. But is not gold soft? I have seen pieces of gold bent double.

T. Yes; it is next in softness to lead, and, therefore, when it is made into coin, or used for any common purposes, it is mixed with a small proportion of some other metal, in order to harden it. This is called its *alloy*. Our gold coin has one twelfth part of alloy, which is a mixture of silver and copper.

G. How beautiful new gold coin is!

T. Yes—scarce any metal takes a stamp or impression better; and it is capable of a very fine polish.

G. What countries yield the most gold?

T. South America, the East Indies,

and the coast of Africa. Europe affords but little; yet a moderate quantity is got every year from Hungary.

G. I have heard of rivers rolling sands of gold. Is there any truth in that?

T. The poets, as usual, have greatly exaggerated the matter; however, there are various streams in different parts of the world, the sands of which contain particles of gold, and some of them in such quantity as to be worth the search.

H. How does the gold come there?

T. It is washed down along with the soil from mountains by the torrents, which are the sources of rivers. Some persons say that all sands contain gold; but I would not advise you to take the pains to search for it in our common sand: for in more senses than one, *gold may be bought too dear.*

H. But what a fine thing it would be to find a gold mine on one's estate!

T. Perhaps not so fine as you may imagine, for many a one does not pay the cost of working. A coal-pit would probably be a better thing. Who do you think are the greatest gold-finders in Europe?

H. I don't know.

T. The gypsies in Hungary. A number of half-starved, half-naked wretches of that community employ themselves in washing and picking the sands of some mountain-streams in that country which contain gold, from which they obtain just profit enough to keep body and soul together! whereas, had they employed themselves in agriculture or manufactures, they might have got a comfortable subsistence. Gold almost all the world over is first

got by slaves, and it makes slaves of those who possess much of it.

G. For my part, I will be content with a silver mine.

H. But we have none of those in England, have we?

T. We have no silver mines, properly so called, but silver is procured in some of our lead mines. There are, however, pretty rich silver mines in various parts of Europe; but the richest of all are in Peru in South America.

G. Are not the famous mines of Potosi there?

T. They are. Shall I now tell you some of the properties of silver?

G. By all means.

T. It is the other *perfect* metal. It is also as little liable to rust as gold, though indeed it readily gets tarnished.

H. Yes; I know our footman is

often obliged to clean our plate before it is used. . . .

T. Plate, however, is not made of pure silver, any more than silver coin, and silver utensils of all kinds. An alloy is mixed with it, as with gold, to harden it; and that makes it more liable to tarnish.

G. Bright silver, I think, is almost as beautiful as gold.

T. It is the most beautiful of the white metals, and is capable of a very fine polish; and this, together with its rarity, makes it used for a great variety of ornamental purposes. Then it is nearly as ductile and malleable as gold.

G. I have had silver-leaf, and it seemed as thin as gold-leaf.

T. It is nearly so. That is used for silvering, as gold-leaf is for gilding. It is common, too, to cover metals

with a thin coating of silver, which is called plating.

H. The child's saucepan is silvered over on the inside. What is that for?

T. To prevent the victuals from getting any taint from the metal of the saucepan; for silver is not capable of being corroded or dissolved by any of the liquids used for food, as iron and copper are.

H. And that is the reason I suppose that fruit-knives are made of silver.

T. It is; but the softness of the metal makes them bear a very poor edge.

G. Does silver melt easily?

T. Silver and gold both melt more difficultly than lead; not till they are above a common red heat. As to the weight of silver, it is nearly one half

less than that of gold, being only eleven times as heavy as water.

H. Is quicksilver a kind of silver?

T. It takes its name from silver, being very like it in colour; but in reality it is a very different thing, and one of the most singular of the metal kind.

G. It is not malleable, I am sure.

T. No; when it is quick or fluid, as it always is in our climate. But a very great degree of cold makes it solid, and then it is malleable like other metals.

G. I have heard of *killing* quicksilver; pray what does that mean?

T. It means destroying its property of running about, by mixing it with somewhat else. Thus if quicksilver be well rubbed with fat, or oil, or gum, it unites with them, losing all its metallic appearance or fluidity.

It also unites readily with gold and silver, and several other metals, into the form of a kind of shining paste, which is called an *amalgam*. This is one of the ways of gilding or silvering a thing. Your buttons are gilt by means of an amalgam?

G. How is that done?

T. The shells of the buttons, which are made of copper, are shaken in a hat with a lump of amalgam of gold and quicksilver, till they are all covered over with it. They are then put into a sort of frying-pan, and held over the fire. The quicksilver, being very volatile in its nature, flies off in the form of a smoke or vapour when it is heated, leaving the gold behind it spread over the surface of the button. Thus many dozens are gilt at once with the greatest ease.

G. What a clever way! I should like vastly to see it done.

T. You may see it any day at Bir-

mingham, if you happen to be there; as well as a great many other curious operations on metals.

G. What a weight quicksilver is! I remember taking up a bottle full of it, and I had liked to have dropped it again, it was so much heavier than I expected.

T. Yes, it is one of the heaviest of the metals—about fifteen times as heavy as water.

G. Is not *mercury* a name for quicksilver? I have heard them talk of the mercury rising and falling in the weather-glass.

T. It is. You, perhaps, may have heard too of *mercurial medicines*, which are those made of quicksilver prepared in one manner or another.

G. What are they good for?

T. For a great variety of complaints. Your brother took some lately for the worms; and they are often given for breakings out on the skin, and for sores

and swellings. But they have one remarkable effect, when taken in a considerable quantity, which is to loosen the teeth, and cause a great spitting. This is called salivation.

H. I used to think quicksilver was poison.

T. When it is in its common state of running quicksilver, it generally does neither good nor harm : but it may be prepared, so as to be a very violent medicine, or even a poison.

G. Is it useful for any thing else ?

T. Yes—for a variety of purposes in the arts, which I cannot now very well explain to you. But you will perhaps be surprised to hear that one of the finest red paints is made from quicksilver.

G. A red paint!—which is that ?

T. Vermillion, or cinnabar, which is a particular mixture of sulphur with quicksilver.

H. Is quicksilver found in this country?

T. No. The greatest quantity comes from Spain, Istria, and South America. It is a considerable object of commerce, and bears a high value, though much inferior to silver. Well—so much for metals at present. We will talk of the rest on some future opportunity.

THE PRICE OF A VICTORY.

Good news! great news! glorious news! cried young *Oswald*, as he entered his father's house. We have got a complete victory, and have killed I don't know how many thousands of the enemy; and we are to have bonfires and illuminations!

And so, said his father, you think that killing a great many thousands of human creatures is a thing to be very glad about.

Os. No—I do not quite think so, neither; but surely it is right to be glad that our country has gained a great advantage.

F. No doubt, it is right to wish well to our country, as far as its prosperity can be promoted without injuring the rest of mankind. But wars are very seldom to the real advantage of any nation; and when they are ever so useful or necessary, so many dreadful evils attend them, that a humane man will scarcely rejoice in them, if he considers at all on the subject.

Os. But if our enemies would do us a great deal of mischief, and we prevent it by beating them, have we not a right to be glad of it?

F. Alas! we are in general little judges which of the parties has the most mischievous intentions. Commonly they are both in the wrong, and success will make both of them unjust and unrea-

sonable. But putting this out of the question, he who rejoices in the event of a battle, rejoices in the misery of many thousands of his species; and the thought of that should make him pause a little. Suppose a surgeon were to come with a smiling countenance, and tell us triumphantly that he had cut off half a dozen legs to-day—what would you think of him?

Os. I should think him very hard-hearted.

F. And yet those operations are done for the benefit of the sufferers, and by their own desire. But in a battle, the probability is, that none of those engaged on either side have any interest at all in the cause they are fighting for, and most of them come there because they cannot help it. In this battle that you are so rejoiced about, there have been ten thousand men killed upon the spot, and nearly as many wounded.

Os. On both sides?

F. Yes—but they are *men* on both sides. Consider, now, that the ten thousand sent out of the world in this morning's work, though they are past feeling themselves, have left probably two persons each, on an average, to lament their loss, either parents, wives, or children. Here are then twenty thousand people made unhappy at one stroke on their account. This, however, is hardly so dreadful to think of as the condition of the wounded. At the moment we are talking, eight or ten thousand more are lying in agony, torn with shot, or gashed with cuts, their wounds all festering, some hourly to die a most excruciating death, others to linger in torture weeks and months, and many doomed to drag on a miserable existence for the rest of their lives, with diseased and mutilated bodies.

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

Os. This is shocking to think of, indeed!

F. When you light your candles, then, this evening, *think what they cost.*

Os. But every body else is glad, and seems to think nothing of these things.

F. True—they do *not* think of them. If they did, I cannot suppose they would be so void of feeling as to enjoy themselves in merriment when so many of their fellow-creatures are made miserable. Do you not remember when poor *Dickens* had his leg broken to pieces by a loaded waggon, how all the town pitied him?

Os. Yes, very well. I could not sleep the night after for thinking of him.

F. But here are thousands suffering as much as he, and we scarce bestow a single thought on them. If any one of these poor creatures were before our eyes, we should probably feel much

more than we do now, for them all together... Shall I tell you a story of a soldier's fortune, that came to my own knowledge?

Os. Yes—pray do.

F. In the village where I went to school, there was an honest industrious weaver and his wife, who had an only son, named *Walter*, just come to man's estate. *Walter* was a good and dutiful lad, and a clever workman, so that he was a great help to his parents. One unlucky day, having gone to the next market-town with some work, he met with a companion, who took him to the ale-house and treated him. As he was coming away, a recruiting serjeant entered the room, who seeing *Walter* to be a likely young fellow, had a great mind to entrap him. He persuaded him to sit down again, and take a glass with him; and kept him in talk with fine stories about a soldier's life, till

Walter got fuddled before he was aware. The serjeant then clapped a shilling into his hand to drink his majesty's health, and told him he was enlisted. He was kept there all night, and next morning was taken before a magistrate to be sworn in. *Walter* had now become sober, and was very sorry for what he had done; but he was told that he could not get off without paying a guinea smart-money. This he knew not how to raise; and being likewise afraid and ashamed to face his friends, he took the oath and bounty money, and marched away with the serjeant, without ever returning home. His poor father and mother, when they heard of the affair, were almost heart-broken; and a young woman in the village, who was his sweet-heart, had like to have gone distracted. *Walter* sent them a line from the first stage, to bid them farewell, and comfort them.

He joined his regiment, which soon embarked for Germany, where it continued till the peace. *Walter* once or twice sent word home of his welfare, but for the last year nothing was heard of him.

Os. Where was he then?

F. You shall hear. One summer's evening, a man in an old red coat, hobbling on crutches, was seen to enter the village. His countenance was pale and sickly, his cheeks hollow, and his whole appearance bespoke extreme wretchedness. Several people gathered round him, looking earnestly in his face. Among these, a young woman, having gazed at him a while, cried out, *My Walter!* and fainted away. *Walter* fell on the ground beside her. His father and mother being fetched by some of the spectators, came and took him in their arms, weeping bitterly. I saw the whole scene, and shall never forget it. At length the neighbours

helped them into the house, where *Walter* told them the following story :

“ At the last great battle that our troops gained in Germany, I was among the first engaged, and received a shot that broke my thigh. I fell, and presently after our regiment was forced to retreat. A squadron of the enemy's horse came galloping down upon us. A trooper making a blow at me with his sabre as I lay, I lifted up my arm to save my head, and got a cut which divided all the sinews at the back of my wrist. Soon after, the enemy were driven back, and came across us again. A horse set his foot on my side, and broke three of my ribs. The action was long and bloody, and the wounded on both sides were left on the field all night. A dreadful night it was to me, you may think ! I had fainted through loss of blood, and when I recovered, I was tormented with thirst, and the cold air made my wounds smart into-

lcrably. About noon next day, waggons came to carry away those who remained alive; and I, with a number of others, was put into one to be conveyed to the next town. The motion of the carriage was terrible for my broken bones—every jolt went to my heart. We were taken to an hospital, which was crammed as full as it could hold; and we should all have been suffocated with the heat and stench, had not a fever broke out, which soon thinned our numbers. I took it, and was twice given over; however, I struggled through. But my wounds proved so difficult to heal, that it was almost a twelvemonth before I could be discharged. A great deal of the bone in my thigh came away in splinters, and left the limb crooked and useless as you see. I entirely lost the use of three fingers of my right-hand; and my broken ribs made me spit blood.

a long time, and have left a cough and difficulty of breathing, which I believe will bring me to my grave. I was sent home, and discharged from the army, and I have begged my way hither as well as I could. I am told that the peace has left the affairs of my country just as they were before ; but who will restore me my health and limbs ? I am put on the list for a Chelsea pensioner, which will support me, if I live to receive it, without being a burden to my friends. That is all that remains for *Walter* now.

Os. Poor *Walter* ! What became of him afterwards ?

F. The wound of his thigh broke out afresh, and discharged more splinters after a great deal of pain and fever. As winter came on, his cough increased. He wasted to a skeleton, and died the next spring. The young woman, his sweetheart, sat up with him every night

to the last ; and soon after his death, she fell into a consumption, and followed him. The old people, deprived of the stay and comfort of their age, fell into despair and poverty, and were taken into the work-house, where they ended their days.

This was the history of *Walter the soldier*. It has been that of thousands more ; and will be that of many a poor fellow, over whose fate you are now rejoicing. Such is the *price of a victory*.

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

GOOD COMPANY.

BE sure, *Frederick*, always keep *good company*, was the final admonition of Mr. *Lofty*, on dismissing his son to the University.

I entreat you, *Henry*, always to

choose *good company*, said Mr. *Mandy*, on parting with his son to an apprenticeship in a neighbouring town.

But it is impossible for two people to mean more differently by the same words.

In Mr. *Lofty's* idea, good company was that of persons superior to ourselves in rank and fortune. By this alone he estimated it; and the degrees of comparison, better and best, were made exactly to correspond to such a scale. Thus, if an esquire was *good company*, a baronet was *better*, and a lord *best of all*, provided that he was not a *poor* lord, for in that case, a rich gentleman might be at least as good. For as, according to Mr. *Lofty's* maxim, the great purpose for which companions were to be chosen, was to advance a young man in the world by their credit and interest, those were to be preferred, who afforded the best prospects in this respect.

Mr. *Manly*, on the other hand, understood by *good* company, that which was improving to the morals and understanding; and by the *best*, that which, to a high degree of these qualities, added true politeness of manners. As superior advantages in education to a certain point accompany superiority of condition, he wished his son to prefer as companions those whose situation in life had afforded them the opportunity of being well educated; but he was far from desiring him to shun connexions with worth and talents, wherever he should find them.

Mr. *Lofty* had an utter aversion to *low company*, by which he meant inferiors, people of no fashion and figure, shabby fellows, whom nobody knows.

Mr. *Manly*, equally disliked *low company*, understanding by it persons of mean habits and vulgar conversation.

A great part of Mr. *Manly's* good

company, was Mr. *Lofty's* low company; and not a few of Mr. *Lofty's* very best company, were Mr. *Manly's* very worst.

Each of the sons understood his father's meaning, and followed his advice.

Frederick, from the time of his entrance at the University, commenced what is called a *Tuft-hunter*, from the tuft in the cap worn by young noblemen. He took pains to insinuate himself into the good graces of all the young men of high fashion in his college, and became a constant companion in their schemes of frolic and dissipation. They treated him with an insolent familiarity, often bordering upon contempt; but following another maxim of his father's, "one must stoop to rise," he took it all in good part. He totally neglected study, as unnecessary, and indeed inconsistent with his plan. He spent a great deal of money, with which

his father, finding that he went in *good company*, at first supplied him freely. In time, however, his expences amounted to so much, that Mr. *Lofty*, who kept good company too, found it difficult to answer his demands. A considerable sum that he lost at play with one of his noble friends, increased the difficulty. If it were not paid, the disgrace of not having discharged a *debt of honour*, would lose him all the favour he had acquired; yet the money could not be raised without greatly embarrassing his father's affairs.

In the midst of this perplexity, Mr. *Lofty* died, leaving behind him a large family, and very little property. *Fredrick* came up to town, and soon dissipated in *good company* the scanty portion that came to his share. Having neither industry, knowledge, nor reputation, he was then obliged to become an humble dependant on the great, flattering all

their follies, and ministering to their vices, treated by them with mortifying neglect, and equally despised and detested by the rest of the world.

Henry, in the mean time, entered with spirit into the business of his new profession, and employed his leisure in cultivating an acquaintance with a few select friends. These were partly young men in a situation similar to his own, partly persons already settled in life, but all distinguished by propriety of conduct, and improved understandings. From all of them he learned somewhat valuable, but he was more particularly indebted to two of them, who were in a station of life inferior to that of the rest. One was a watch-maker, an excellent mechanic, and tolerable mathematician, and well acquainted with the construction and use of all the instruments employed in experimental philosophy. The other was a young druggist, who

had a good knowledge of chemistry, and frequently employed himself in chemical operations and experiments. Both of them were men of very decent manners, and took a pleasure in communicating their knowledge to such as showed a taste for similar studies. *Henry* frequently visited them, and derived much useful information from their instructions, for which he ever expressed great thankfulness. These various occupations and good examples effectually preserved him from the errors of youth, and he passed his time with credit and satisfaction. He had the same misfortune with *Frederick*, just as he was ready to come out into the world, of losing his father, upon whom the support of the family chiefly depended; but in the character he had established, and the knowledge he had acquired, he found an effectual resource. One of his young friends

proposed to him a partnership in a manufacture he had just set up at considerable expense, requiring for his share only the exertion of his talents and industry. *Henry* accepted the offer, and made such good use of the skill in mechanics and chemistry he had acquired, that he introduced many improvements into the manufactory, and rendered it a very profitable concern. He lived prosperous and independent, and retained in manhood all the friendships of his youth.

THE DOG BALKED OF HIS DINNER.

A TALE.

THINK yourself sure of nothing till you've got it :

This is the lesson of the day,

In metaphoric language I might say,

Count not your bird before you've shot it

Quoth proverb, " 'Twixt the cup and lip
There's many a slip."

Not every guest invited sits at table,
So says *my* fable.

A man once gave a dinner to his friend ;
His friend !—his patron I should rather think,
By all the loads of meat and drink,
And fruits and jellies without end,
Sent home the morning of the feast.
Jowler, his dog, a social beast,
Soon as he smelt the matter out, away
Scampers to old acquaintance *Trdy*,
And with expressions kind and hearty,
Invites him to the party.

Tray wanted little pressing to a dinner ;
He was, in truth, a gormandizing sinner.
He lick'd his chops, and wagg'd his tail ;
Dear friend ! (he cried) I will not fail :
But what's your hour ?
We dine at four ;

But if you come an hour too soon,
You'll find there's something to be done.

His friend withdrawn, *Tray*, full of glee,
As blithe as blithe could be,

Skipp'd, danc'd; and play'd full many an antic,
Like one half frantic,
Then sober in the sun lay winking,
But could not sleep for thinking.
He thought o'er every dainty dish,
Fried, boiled, and roast,
Flesh, fowl, and fish,
With tripes and toast,
Fit for a dog to eat;
And in his faucy made a treat:
Might grace a bill of fare
For my Lord Mayor.

At length, just on the stroke of three,
Forth sallied he;
And through a well-known hole
He slyly stole.
Pop on the scene of action.
Here he beheld, with wond'rous satisfaction,
All hands employed in drawing, stuffing,
Skewering, spitting, and basting;
The red-faced cook sweating and puffing,
Chopping, mixing, and tasting.
Tray skulk'd about, now here, now there,
Peep'd into this, and smelt at that,
And lick'd the gravy, and the fat,
And cried, O rare! how I shall fare!

But Fortune, spiteful as Old Nick,
 Resolv'd to play our dog a trick ;
 She made the cook
 Just cast a look
 Where *Tray*, beneath the dresser lying,
 His promis'd bliss was eyeing.

A cook while cooking is a sort of Fury :
 A maxim worth rememb'ring, I assure ye.
 Tray found it true,
 And so may you,
 If e'er you choose to try.
 How now ! (quoth she) what's this I spy ?
 A nasty cur ! who let him in ?
 Would he were hang'd with all his kin !
 A pretty kitchen guest indeed !
 But I shall pack him off with speed.

So saying, on poor *Tray* she flew,
 And dragg'd the culprit forth to view ;
 Then, to his terror and amazement,
 Whirl'd him like light'ning through the casement.

THE UMBELLIFEROUS PLANTS.

Tutor—George—Harry.

H. WHAT plant is that man gathering under the hedge?

G. I don't know; but the boys call the stalks kexes, and blow through them.

H. I have seen them; but I want to know the plant.

G. Will you please to tell us, Sir, what it is?

T. It is hemlock.

G. Hemlock is poison, is it not?

T. Yes, in some degree: and it is also a medicine; that man is gathering it for the apothecaries.

H. I should like to know it.

T. Well then—go and bring one.

[Harry fetches it.]

G. I think I have seen a great many of this sort.

T. Perhaps you may ; but there are many other kinds of plants extremely like it. It is one of a large family called the *umbelliferous*, which contains both food, physic, and poison. It will be worth while for you to know something about them, so let us examine this hemlock closely. You see this tall hollow stalk, which divides into several branches, from each of which spring spokes or *rundles*, as they are called, of flower-stalks. You see they are like rays from a circle, or the spokes of a wheel.

H. Or like the sticks of an umbrella.

T. True ; and they are called *umbels*, which has the same derivation.—If you pursue one of these rundles or umbels, you will find that each stick or spoke terminates in another set of smaller stalks, each of which bears a single small flower.

G. They are small ones indeed.

T. But if you look sharply, I dare say your eyes are good enough to distinguish that they are divided into five leaves, and furnished with five chives and two pistils in the middle.

H. I can see them.

G. And so can I.

T. The pistils are succeeded by a sort of fruit, which is a twin seed joined in the middle, as you may see in this rundle that is past flowering. Here I divide one of them into two.

G. Would each of these grow?

T. Yes. Well—this is the structure of the flowering part of the umbelliferous tribe. Now for the leaf. Pluck one.

H. Is this one leaf, or many?

T. It is properly one, but it is cut and divided into many portions. From this mid-rib spring smaller leaves set opposite each other; and from the rib of each of these, proceed others,

which themselves are also divided. These are called doubly or trebly pinnated leaves; and most of the umbelliferous plants, but not all, have leaves of this kind.

H. It is like a parsley leaf.

T. True—and parsley is one of the same tribe, and hemlock and others are sometimes mistaken for it.

G. How curiously the stalk of this hemlock is spotted!

T. Yes. That is one of the marks by which it is known. It is also distinguished by its peculiar smell, and by other circumstances which you can only understand when you have compared a number of the tribe. I will now tell you about some others, the names of which you are probably acquainted with. In the first place, there are carrots and parsnips.

H. Carrots and parsnips!—they are not poisons, I am sure.

G. I remember, now, that carrots have such a leaf as this.

T. They have. It is the *roots* of these, you know, that are eaten. But we eat the *leaves* of parsley and fennel, which are of the same class. Celery is another, the *stalks* of which are chiefly used, made white by trenching up the earth about them. The stalks of angelica are used differently.

H. I know how—candied.

T. Yes.—Then there are many of which the *seeds* are used. There is carraway.

H. What, the seeds that are put into cakes and comfits?

T. Yes. They are warm and pungent to the taste; and so are the seeds of many others of the umbelliferous plants, as coriander, fennel, wild carrot, angelica, anise, cummin, and dill. All these are employed in food or medicine, and are good in warming or strengthening the stomach.

G. Those are pleasant medicines enough.

T. They are ; but you will not say the same of some others of the class, which are noted medicines too ; such as the plant yielding asafetida, and several more, from which what are called the fetid gums are produced.

G. Asafetida !—that's nasty stuff, I know, does it grow here ?

T. No ; and most of the sweet seeds I before mentioned come from abroad too. Now I will tell you of some of the poisons.

H. Hemlock is one that we know already.

T. Yes. Then there is another kind that grows in the water, and is more poisonous, called Water-Hemlock. Another is a large plant growing in ditches, with leaves extremely like celery, called Hemlock-Dropwort. Another, common

in drier situations, and distinguished by leaves less divided than most of the class, is Cow-Parsnip or Madnep. Of some of these the leaves, of others the roots, are most poisonous. Their effects are to make the head giddy, bring on stupidity or delirium, and cause violent sickness. The Athenians used to put criminals to death, by making them drink the juice of a kind of hemlock growing in that country, as you may read in the life of that excellent philosopher Socrates, who was killed in that manner.

H. What was he killed for?

T. Because he was wiser and better than his fellow-citizens. Among us it is only by accident that mischief is done by these plants. I remember a melancholy instance of a poor boy, who in rambling about the fields with his little brothers and sisters, chanced to meet

with a root of Hemlock-Dropwort. It looked so white and nice, that he was tempted to eat a good deal of it. The other children also ate some, but not so much. When they got home they were all taken very ill. The eldest boy, who had eaten most, died in great agony. The others recovered, after suffering a great deal.

G. Is there any way of preventing their bad effects?

T. The best way is to clear the stomach as soon as possible by a strong vomit and large draughts of warm water. After that, vinegar is useful in removing the disorder of the head.

H. But are the roots sweet and pleasant, that people should be tempted to eat them?

T. Several of them are. There is a small plant of the tribe, the root of which is much sought after by boys,

who dig for it with their knives. It is round, and called earth-nut, or pig-nut.

G. But that's not poison, I suppose?

T. No; but it is not very wholesome. I believe, however, that the roots of the most poisonous become innocent by boiling. I have heard that boiled hemlock roots are as good as carrots.

G. I think I should not like to eat them, however. But pray why should there be any poisons at all?

T. What we call poisons are only hurtful to particular animals. They are the proper food of others, and no doubt do more good than hurt in the creation. Most of the things that are poisonous to us in large quantities, are useful medicines in small ones; and we have reason bestowed upon *us*, to guard us against mischief. Other animals in

general refuse by instinct what would prove hurtful to them. You see beneath yonder hedge a great crop of tall flourishing plants with white flowers. They are of the umbelliferous family, and are called Wild Cicely, or Cow-weed. The latter name is given them, because the cows will not touch them, though the pasture be ever so bare.

H. Would they poison them ?

T. Perhaps they would ; at least they are not proper food for them. We will go and examine them, and I will show you how they differ from hemlock, for which they are sometimes mistaken.

G. I should like to get some of these plants, and dry them.

T. You shall, and write down the names of them all, and learn to know the innocent from the hurtful.

G. That will be very useful.

T. It will. Remember now the

general character of the umbelliferous class. The flower stalks are divided into spokes or umbels, which are again divided into others, each of them terminated by a small five-leaved flower, having five chives and two pistils, succeeded by a twin seed. Their leaves are generally finely divided. You will soon know them, after having examined two or three of the tribe. Remember too, that they are a *suspicious race*, and not to be made free with till you are well acquainted with them.

THE KID.

ONE bleak day in March, *Sylvia* returning from a visit to the sheep-fold met with a young kidling deserted by its dam on the naked heath. It was blentling piteously, and was so benumbed with the cold, that it could scarcely

stand. *Sylvia* took it up in her arms, and pressed it close to her bosom. She hastened home, and showing her little foundling to her parents, begged she might rear it for her own. They consented; and *Sylvia* immediately got a basket full of clean straw, and made a bed for him on the hearth. She warmed some milk, and held it to him in a platter. The poor creature drank it up eagerly, and then licked her hand for more. *Sylvia* was delighted. She chafed his tender legs with her warm hands, and soon saw him jump out of his basket, and frisk across the room. When full, he lay down again, and took a comfortable nap.

The next day the kid had a name bestowed upon him. As he gave tokens of being an excellent jumper, it was *Capriole*. He was introduced to all the rest of the family, and the younger children were allowed to stroke and

pat him ; but *Sylvia* would let nobody be intimate with him but herself. The great mastiff was charged never to hurt him, and indeed he had no intention to do it.

Within a few days, *Capriole* followed *Sylvia* all about the house ; trotted by her side into the yard ; ran races with her in the home-field ; fed out of her hand, and was declared pet and favourite. As the spring advanced, *Sylvia* roamed in the fields, and gathered wild flowers, with which she wove garlands, and hung them around the kid's neck. He could not be kept, however, from munching his finery, when he could reach it with his mouth. He was likewise rather troublesome in thrusting his nose into the meal-tub and flour-box, and following people into the dairy, and sipping the milk that was set for cream. He now and then got a blow for his intrusion ; but his mistress al-

ways took his part, and indulged him in every liberty.

Capriole's horns now began to bud, and a little white beard sprouted at the end of his chin. He grew bold enough to put himself into a fighting posture whenever he was offended. He butted down little *Colin* into the dirt; quarrelled with the geese for their allowance of corn; and held many a stout battle with the old turkey-cock. Every body said *Capriole* is growing too saucy, he must be sent away or taught better manners. But *Sylvia* still stood his friend, and he repaid her love with many tender caresses.

The farm-house, where *Sylvia* lived, was situated in a sweet valley, by the side of a clear stream, bordered with trees. Above the house rose a sloping meadow, and beyond that was an open common covered with purple heath and yellow furze. Further on, at some

distance rose a steep hill, the summit of which was a bare craggy rock, scarcely accessible to human feet. *Capriole* ranging at his pleasure, often got upon the common, and was pleased with browsing the short grass and wild herbs which grew there. Still, however, when his mistress came to see him, he would run bounding at her call, and accompany her back to the farm.

One fine summer's day, *Sylvia*, after having finished the business of the morning, wanted to play with her kid; and missing him, she went to the side of the common, and called aloud *Capriole! Capriole!* expecting to see him come running to her as usual. No *Capriole* came. She went on and on, still calling her kid with the most endearing accents, but nothing was to be seen of him. Her heart began to flutter. What can be come of him? Surely somebody must have stolen

him, — or perhaps the neighbours' dogs have worried him. Oh my poor *Capriole*! my dear *Capriole*! I shall never see you again!—and *Sylvia* began to weep.

She still went on, looking wistfully all around, and making the place echo with *Capriole*! *Capriole*! where are you, my *Capriole*? till at length she came to the foot of the steep hill. She climbed up its sides to get a better view. No kid was to be seen. She sat down and wept, and wrung her hands. After a while, she fancied she heard a bleating like the well-known voice of her *Capriole*. She started up, and looked toward the sound, which seemed a great way over head. At length she spied, just on the edge of a steep crag, her *Capriole* peeping over. She stretched out her hands to him, and began to call, but with a timid voice, lest in his impatience to return to her, he should

leap down and break his neck. But there was no such danger. *Capriole* was inhaling the fresh breeze of the mountains, and enjoying with rapture the scenes for which nature designed him. His bleating was the expression of joy, and he bestowed not a thought on his kind mistress, nor paid the least attention to her call. *Sylvia* ascended as high as she could towards him, and called louder and louder, but all in vain. *Capriole* leaped from rock to rock, cropped the fine herbage in the clefts, and was quite lost in the pleasure of his new existence.

Poor *Sylvia* staid till she was tired, and then returned disconsolate to the farm, to relate her misfortune. She got her brothers to accompany her back to the hill, and took with her a slice of white bread and some milk to tempt the little wanderer home. But he had mounted still higher, and had joined a

herd of companions of the same species, with whom he was frisking and sporting. He had neither eyes nor ears for his old friends of the valley. All former habits were broken at once, and he had commenced free commoner of nature. *Sylvia* came back, crying as much from vexation as sorrow. The little ungrateful thing (said she)—so well as I loved him, and so kindly as I treated him, to desert me in this way at last!—But he was always a rover.

‘Take care then *Sylvia*, (said her mother) how you set your heart upon *rovers* again !

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

Robinet, a peasant of Lorraine, after a hard day’s work at the next market-town, was running home with a basket in his hand. What a delicious supper shall I have ! (said he to himself.) This

piece of kid,, well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish for the bishop of the diocese. Then I have a good piece of barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!

A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel nimbly running up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. Ha! (thought he) what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my little master! I'll try if I can get it. Upon this, he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of kid's flesh. He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. *Robinet* looked

after him.—Well, (said he) then I must be contented with soup-meagre—and no bad thing neither.

He travelled on, and came to a little public-house by the road side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench drinking. He invited *Robinet* to take a draught. *Robinet* seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on the bench close by him. A tame raven, which was kept at the house, came slyly behind him, and perching on the basket, stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole. *Robinet* did not perceive the theft till he had got on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but could hear no tidings of it. Well, (says he) my soup will be the thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do it some good at least.]

He went on again, and arrived at a

little brook, over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming up to pass at the same time, *Robinet* gallantly offered his hand. As soon as she was got to the middle, either through fear or sport, she shrieked out, and cried she was falling. *Robinet* hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it, but when he took it out, he perceived that all the salt was melted, and the pepper washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions. Well! (says *Robinet*) then I must sup to-night upon roasted onions and barley bread. Last night I had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had. So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

NINETEENTH EVENING.

EYES, AND NO EYES ;

OR,

THE ART OF SEEING.

WELL, *Robert*, where have you been walking this afternoon? (said Mr. *Andrews* to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.)

R. I have been, Sir, to Broom-heath, and so round by the windmill upon Camp-mount, and home through the meadows by the river-side.

Mr. *A.* Well, that's a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, Sir; I scarcely met with a single person.

I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike road.

Mr. A. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would indeed be better entertained on the high-road. But did you see *William*?

R. We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Mr. A. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

R. O, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that! I had rather walk alone. I dare say he is not got home yet.

Mr. A. Here he comes. Well, *William*, where have you been?

W. O, Sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Mr. A. Why, that is just the round

Robert has been taking, and he complains of its dulness, and prefers the high road.

W. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought my handkerchief full of curiosities home.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to *Robert* as to me.

W. I will, Sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah! this is *Mistletoe*, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their re-

ligious rites and incantations. It bears a very slimy white berry, of which birdlime may be made, whence its Latin name of *Viscus*. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been humorously styled *parasitical*, as being hangers-on, or dependents. It was the miseltoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honoured.

W. A little farther on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Mr. A. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

W. What beautiful birds they are.

Mr. A. Yes; they have been called, from their colour and size, the English parrot.

W. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was ! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded ! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There were at least three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here), and gorse, and broom, and bell-flower, and many others of all colours, that I will beg you presently to tell me the names of.

Mr. A. That I will readily.

W. I saw too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty grayish one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones ; and when he flew he shewed a great deal of white above his tail.

Mr. A. That was a wheat-ear. They are reckoned very delicious birds to eat, and frequent the open downs in

Sussex, and some other counties, in great numbers.

W. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying *pewit* so distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always made a shift to get away.

Mr. A. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in then! This was all an artifice of the bird's to entice you away from its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did they not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

W. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. They gave me, too, a creature I never saw before—a young viper, which they had just killed, together with its dam. I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in proportion, and of a darker colour than they are.

Mr. A. True. Vipers frequent those turfy boggy grounds pretty much, and I have known several turf-cutters bitten by them.

W. They are very venomous, are they not?

Mr. A. Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal.

W. Well—I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill, in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church-steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, Sir, if you will give me leave.

Mr. A. What is that?

W. I will go again, and take with me Carey's county-map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

Mr. A. You shall have it, and I will go with you and take my pocket spying glass.

W. I shall be very glad of that. Well—a thought struck me, that as the

hill is called *Camp-mount*, there might probably be some remains of ditches and mounds with which I have read that camps were surrounded. And I really believe I discovered something of that sort running round one side of the mount.

Mr. A. Very likely you might. I know antiquaries have described such remains as existing there, which some suppose to be Roman, others Danish; we will examine them further, when we go.

W. From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water rat, and I saw

it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great many large dragon flies all about the stream ; I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darted down into it ! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange-colour. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. A. I can tell you what that bird was—a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it inhabits.

W. I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased

me so much. Well—I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Mr. A. I suppose they were sand-pipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

W. There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quick, that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high steep sand-bank rose directly above the river, I observed

many of them go in and out of holes with which the bank was bored full. ✓

Mr. *A.* Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our species of swallows. They are of a mouse-colour above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

W. A little further I saw a man in a boat who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down among the mud in the deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking between the prongs.

Mr. *A.* I have seen this method. It is called spearing of eels.

W. While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head, with

his large flagging wings. He lit at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Mr. A. Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking, many gentlemen had their *heronries*, and a few are still remaining.

W. I think they are the largest wild birds we have.

Mr. A. They are of a great length and spread of wing, but their bodies are comparatively small.

W. I then turned homeward across the meadows, where I stopped a while to look at a large flock of starlings which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose all together from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud, hovering over the field. After taking a short round they settled again, and presently rose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

Mr. A. Perhaps so, for in the fenny countries their flocks are so numerous as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them. This disposition

of starlings to fly in close swarms was remarked even by Homer, who compares the foe flying from one of his heroes, to a *cloud* of stares retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

W. After I had left the meadows, I crossed the corn-fields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marle pit. Looking into it, I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells : and upon going down, I picked up a clod of marle, which was quite full of them ; but how sea shells could get there I cannot imagine.

Mr. A. I do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics of marine animals even in the bowels of high mountains, very remote from the sea. They are certainly proofs that the earth was once in

a very different state from what it is at present; but in what manner and how long ago these changes took place, can only be guessed at.

W. I got to the high field next our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged purple and crimson and yellow of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is over head.

Mr. A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising.

W. I have; but pray what is the reason of this?

Mr. A. It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you know

more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you ! I do not wonder that you found it amusing ; it has been very instructive too. Did you see nothing of all these sights, *Robert* ?

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Mr. A. Why not ?

R. I don't know. I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right if you had been sent of a message ; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is—one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut ; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors, who had

been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the channel without making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do *you* then, *William*, continue to make use of your eyes; and *you*, *Robert*, learn that eyes were given you to use.

WHY THE EARTH MOVES ROUND THE SUN.

Papa—Lucy.

P. You remember, Lucy, that I explained to you some time ago what was the cause that things fell to the ground.

L. O yes—it was because the ground drew them to it.

P. True. That is a consequence of the universal law in nature, that bodies attract each other in proportion to their bulk. So a very small thing in the neighbourhood of a very large one always tends to go to it, if not prevented by some other power. Well—You know I told you that the sun was a ball a vast many times bigger than the ball we inhabit, called the earth; upon which you properly asked, how then it

happened that the earth did not fall into the sun.

L. And why does it not ?

P. That I am going to explain to you. You have seen your brother whirl round an ivory ball tied to the end of a string which he held in his hand.

L. Yes—and I have done it myself too.

P. Well then—you felt that the ball was continually pulling, as if it tried to make its escape.

L. Yes ; and one my brother was swinging *did* make its escape, and flew through the sash.

P. It did so. That was a lesson in the *centrifugal* motion, or that power by which a body thus whirled continually endeavours to fly off from the centre round which it moves. This is owing to the force or impulse you give it at setting out, as if you were going to

throw it away from you. The string by which you hold it, on the contrary, is the power which keeps the ball towards the centre, called the *centripetal* power. Thus you see there are two powers acting upon the ball at the same time, one to make it fly off, the other to hold it in ; and the consequence is, that it moves directly according to neither, but between both ; that is, round and round. This it continues to do while you swing it properly ; but if the string breaks or slips off, away flies the ball ; on the other hand, if you cease to give it the whirling force, it falls towards your hand.

L. I understand all this.

P. I will give you another instance of this double force acting at the same time. Do not you remember seeing some curious feats of horsemanship ?

L. Yes.

P. One of them was, that a man

standing with one leg upon the saddle, and riding full speed, threw up balls into the air, and caught them as they fell.

L. I remember it very well.

P. Perhaps you would have expected these balls to have fallen behind him, as he was going at such a rate.

L. So I did.

P. But you saw that they fell into his hand as directly as if he had been standing quite still. That was because at the instant he threw them up, they received the motion of the horse straight forwards as well as the upright motion that he gave them, so that they made a slanting line through the air, and came down in the same place they would have reached if he had held them in his hand all the while.

L. That is very curious indeed !

P. In the same manner you may have observed, in riding in a carriage,

that if you throw any thing out of the window, it falls directly opposite, just as if the carriage was standing still, and is not left behind you.

L. I will try that the next time I ride in one.

P. You are then to imagine the sun to be a mighty mass of matter, many thousand times bigger than our earth, placed in the centre, quiet and unmoved. You are to conceive our earth, as soon as created, launched with vast force in a straight line, as if it were a bowl on a green. It would have flown off in this line for ever, through the boundless regions of space, had it not at the same instant received a pull from the sun by its attraction. By the wonderful skill of the Creator, these two forces were made exactly to counterbalance each other ; so that just as much as the earth, from the original motion given it, tends to fly forwards, just so much

the sun draws it to the centre; and the consequence is, that it takes a course between the two, which is a circle round and round the sun.

L. But if the earth was set a rolling like a bowl upon a green, I should think it would stop of itself, as the bowl does.

P. The bowl stops because it is continually rubbing against the ground, which checks its motion, but the ball of the earth moves in empty space, where there is nothing to stop it.

L. But if I throw a ball through the air, it will not go on for ever, but it will come down to the ground.

P. That is because the force with which you can throw it is much less than the force by which it is drawn to the earth. But there is another reason too, which is the resistance of the air. This space all round us and over us is not empty space; it is quite full of a thin transparent fluid called air.

L. Is it?

P. Yes. If you move your hand quickly through it, you will find something resisting you, though in a slight degree. And the wind, you well know, is capable of pressing against any thing with almost irresistible force ; and yet wind is nothing but a quantity of air put into violent motion. Every thing then that moves through the air is continually obliged to push some of this fluid out of the way, by which means it is constantly losing part of its motion.

L. Then the earth would do the same.

P. No ; for it moves in *empty space*.

L. What ! does not it move through the air ?

P. The earth does not move *through* the air, but carries the air along with it. All the air is contained in what is called the *atmosphere*, which you may compare to a kind of mist or fog clinging

all round to the ball of the earth, and reaching a certain distance above it, which has been calculated at above forty-five miles.

L. That is above the clouds, then.

P. Yes ; all the clouds are within the atmosphere, for they are supported by the air. Well—this atmosphere rolls about along with the earth, as if it were a part of it, and moves with it through the sky, which is a vast field of empty space. In this immense space are all the stars and planets, which have also their several motions. There is nothing to stop them, but they continually go on, by means of the force that the Creator has originally impressed upon them.

L. Do not some of the stars move round the sun, as well as our earth ?

P. Yes ; those that are called *planets*. These are all subject to the same laws of motion with our earth. They are

attracted by the sun as their centre, and form, along with the earth, that assemblage of worlds, which is called the *solar system*.

L. Is the moon one of them?

P. The moon is called a *secondary* planet, because its immediate connexion is with our earth, round which it rolls, as we do round the sun. It however accompanies our earth on its journey round the sun. But I will tell you more about its motion, and about the other planets and stars, another time. It is enough at present, if you thoroughly understand what I have been describing.

L. I think I do.

DIFFERENCE AND AGREEMENT;

or,

SUNDAY MORNING.

It was Sunday morning. All the bells were ringing for church, and the streets were filled with people moving in all directions.

Here, numbers of well-dressed persons, and a long train of charity children, were thronging in at the wide doors of a large handsome church. There, a smaller number, almost equally gay in dress, were entering an elegant meeting-house. Up one alley, a Roman Catholic congregation was turning into their retired chapel, every one crossing himself with a finger dipped in holy-water as he went in. The opposite side of the street was covered with a train of

Quakers, distinguished by their plain and neat attire and sedate aspect, who walked without ceremony into a room as plain as themselves, and took their seats, the men on one side, and the women on the other, in silence. A spacious building was filled with an overflowing crowd of Methodists, most of them meanly habited, but decent and serious in demeanour; while a small society of Baptists in the neighbourhood quietly occupied their humble place of assembly.

Presently the different services began. The churches resounded with the solemn organ, and with the indistinct murmurs of a large body of people following the minister in responsive prayers. From the meetings were heard the slow psalm, and the single voice of the leader of their devotions. The Roman Catholic chapel was enlivened by strains of music, the tinkling of a small bell, and a perpetual change

of service and ceremonial. A profound silence and unvarying look and posture announced the self-recollection and mental devotion of the Quakers.

Mr. *Ambrose* led his son *Edwin* round all these different assemblies as a spectator. *Edwin* viewed every thing with great attention, and was often impatient to enquire of his father the meaning of what he saw ; but Mr. *Ambrose* would not suffer him to disturb any of the congregations even by a whisper. When they had gone through the whole, *Edwin* found a great number of questions to put to his father, who explained every thing to him in the best manner he could. At length says *Edwin*,

But why cannot all these people agree to go to the same place, and worship God the same way ?

And why should they agree ? (replied his father.) Do not you see that people differ in a hundred other things ?

Do they all dress alike, and eat and drink alike, and keep the same hours, and use the same diversions?

Aye—but those are things in which they have a right to do as they please.

And they have a right, too, to worship God as they please. It is their own business, and concerns none but themselves.

But has not God ordered particular ways of worshipping him?

He has directed the mind and spirit with which he is to be worshipped, but not the particular form and manner. That is left for every one to choose, according as suits his temper and opinions. All these people like their own way best, and why should they leave it for the choice of another? Religion is one of the things in which *man-kind were made to differ.*

The several congregations now began to be dismissed, and the street was

again overspread with persons of all the different sects, going promiscuously to their respective homes. It chanced that a poor man fell down in the street in a fit of apoplexy, and lay for dead. His wife and children stood round him crying and lamenting in the bitterest distress. The beholders immediately flocked round, and, with looks and expressions of the warmest compassion, gave their help. A churchman raised the man from the ground, by lifting him under the arms, while a Dissenter held his head, and wiped his face with his handkerchief. A Roman Catholic lady took out her smelling-bottle, and assiduously applied it to his nose. A Methodist ran for a doctor. A Quaker supported and comforted the woman, and a Baptist took care of the children.

Edwin and his father were among the spectators. Here (said Mr. *Ambrose*) is a thing in which *mankind were made to agree.*

TWENTIETH EVENING.

ON METALS.

PART II.

Tutor—George—Harry.

T. WELL—have you forgot what I told you about metals the other day?

G. O no!

H. I am sure I have not.

T. What metals were they that we talked about?

G. Gold, silver, and quicksilver.

T. Suppose, then, we go on to the rest?

G. Pray do.

H. Yes, by all means.

T. Very well. You know *copper*, I don't doubt?

G. O yes !

T. What colour do you call it ?

G. I think it is a sort of reddish brown.

T. True. Sometimes, however, it is of a bright red like sealing-wax. It is not a very heavy metal, being not quite nine times the weight of water. It is very ductile, bearing to be rolled or hammered out to a very thin plate, and also to be drawn out to a fine wire.

H. I remember seeing an halfpenny that had been rolled out to a long ribbon.

G. Yes, and I have seen half a dozen men at a time with great hammers beating out a piece of copper at the brazier's.

T. Copper requires a very considerable heat to melt it ; and by long exposure to the fire, it may be burned or calcined ; for it, like all we are now to speak of, is an *imperfect* metal.

H. And it rusts very easily, does it not ?

T. It does ; for all acids dissolve or corrode it, so do salts of every kind ; whence even air and common water in a short time act upon it, for they are never free from somewhat of a saline nature.

G. Is not verdegriis the rust of copper ?

T. It is ;—a rust produced by the acid of grapes. But every rust of copper is of a blue or green colour, as well as verdegriis.

H. And are they all poison too ?

T. They are all so in some degree, producing violent sickness and pain in the bowels. They are all, too, extremely nauseous to the taste ; and the metal itself when heated, tastes and smells very disagreeably.

T. Why is it used, then, so much in cooking, brewing, and the like ?

T. Because it is a very convenient metal for making vessels, especially large ones, as it is easily worked, and is sufficiently strong, though hammered thin, and bears the fire well. And if vessels of it are kept quite clean, and the liquor not suffered to stand long in them when cold, there is no danger in their use. But copper vessels for cooking are generally lined on the inside with tin.

G. What else is copper used for?

T. A variety of things. Sheets of copper are sometimes used to cover buildings; and of late a great quantity is consumed in sheathing ships, that is, in covering all the part under water; the purpose of which is to protect the timber from the worms, and also to make the ship sail faster, by means of the greater smoothness and force with which the copper makes way through the water.

H. Money is made of copper too.

T. It is; for it takes an impression in coining very well, and its value is a proper proportion below silver, for a price for the cheapest commodities. In some poor countries they have little other than copper coin. Another great use of copper is as an ingredient in mixed metals, such as bell-metal, cannon-metal, and particularly brass.

H. But brass is yellow.

T. True; it is converted to that colour, by means of another metallic substance named *zinc*, or *spelter*, the natural colour of which is white. A kind of brown stone called *calamine* is an ore of zinc. By filling a pot with layers of powdered calamine and charcoal placed alternately with copper, and applying a pretty strong heat, the zinc is driven in vapour out of the calamine, and penetrates the copper, changing it into brass.

G. What is the use of turning copper into brass?

T. It gains a fine gold-like colour, and becomes harder, more easy to melt, and less liable to rust. Hence it is preferred for a variety of utensils, ornamental and useful. Brass does not bear hammering well, but is generally cast into the shape wanted, and then turned in a lathe and polished. Well—these are the principal things I have to say about copper.

H. But where does it come from?

T. Copper is found in many countries. Our island yields abundance, especially in Wales and Cornwall. In Anglesey is a whole hill called Paris mountain, consisting of copper-ore, from which immense quantities are dug every year. Now for *iron*.

H. Ay! that is the most useful of all the metals.

T. I think it is; and it is likewise

the most common, for there are few countries in the world possessing hills and rocks where it is not met with, more or less. Iron is the hardest of metals, the most elastic or springy, the most tenacious or difficult to break, next to gold, the most difficultly fusible, and one of the lightest, being only seven or eight times as heavy as water.

G. You say it is difficult to break ; but I snapped the blade of a penknife the other day by only bending it a little ; and my mother is continually breaking her needles.

T. Properly objected ! but the qualities of iron differ extremely according to the method of preparing it. There are forged iron, cast iron, and steel, which are very different from each other. Iron, when first melted from its ore, has little malleability, and the vessels and other implements that are made of it in that state, by casting into moulds, are

easily broken. It acquires toughness and malleability by *forging*, which is done by beating it when red hot with heavy hammers, till it becomes ductile and flexible. Steel, again, is made by heating small bars of iron with wood-ashes, charcoal, bone and horn shavings, or other inflammable matters, by which it acquires a finer grain and more compact texture, and becomes harder, and more elastic. Steel may be rendered either very flexible, or brittle, by different manners of *tempering*, which is performed by heating and then quenching it in water. Steel is iron in its more perfect state.

G. All cutting instruments are made of steel, are they not?

T. Yes; and the very fine edged ones are generally tempered brittle, as razors, penknives, and surgeons' instruments; but sword-blades are made flexible, and the best of them will bend

double without breaking or becoming crooked. The steel of which springs are made, has the highest possible degree of elasticity given it. A watch spring is one of the most perfect examples of this kind. Steel for ornaments is made extremely hard and close-grained, so as to bear an exquisite polish. Common hammered iron is chiefly used for works of strength, as horse-shoes, bars, bolts, and the like. It will bend but not straighten itself again, as you may see in the kitchen poker. Cast iron is used for pots and caldrons, cannons, cannon-balls, grates, pillars, and many other purposes in which hardness, without flexibility, is wanted.

G. What a vast variety of uses this metal is put to!

T. Yes; I know not when I should have done, if I were to tell you of all.

H. Then I think it is really more

valuable than gold, though it is so much cheaper.

T. That was the opinion of the wise Solon, when he observed to the rich king Croesus, who was shewing him his treasures, “he who possesses more iron, will soon be master of all this gold.”

H. I suppose he meant weapons and armour.

T. He did; but there are many nobler uses for these metals; and few circumstances denote the progress of the arts in a country, more than having attained the full use of iron, without which scarcely any manufacture or machinery can be brought to perfection. From the difficulty of melting it out of the ore, many nations have been longer in discovering it than some of the other metals. The Greeks in Homer’s time seem to have employed copper or brass for their weapons much more than iron; and the Mexicans and Peruvians, who

possessed gold and silver, were unacquainted with iron, when the Spaniards invaded them.

G. Iron is very subject to rust, however.

T. It is so, and that is one of its worst properties. Every liquor, and even a moist air corrode it. But the rust of iron is not pernicious: on the contrary it is a very useful medicine.

G. I have heard of steel drops and steel filings given for medicine.

T. Yes; iron is given in a variety of forms, and the property of them all is to strengthen the constitution. Many springs are made medicinal by the iron that they dissolve in the bowels of the earth. These are called *Chalybeate waters*, and they may be known by their inky taste, and the rust-coloured sediment they leave in their course.

H. May we drink such water if we meet with it?

T. Yes ; it will do you no harm, at least. There is one other property of iron, well worth knowing, and that is that it is the only thing attracted by the magnet or loadstone.

G. I had a magnet once that would take up needles and keys ; but it seemed a bar of iron itself.

T. True. The real loadstone, which is a particular ore of iron, can communicate its virtue to a piece of iron by rubbing it ; nay a bar of iron itself, in length of time, by being placed in a particular position, will acquire the same property.

G. Is all the iron used in England produced here ?

T. By no means. Our extensive manufactures require a great importation of iron. Much is brought from Norway, Russia, and Sweden ; and the Swedish is reckoned particularly excellent. Well—now to another metal,

I dare say you can tell me a good deal about *lead*.

H. I know several things about it. It is very heavy and soft, and easily melted.

T. True ; these are some of its distinguishing properties. Its weight is between eleven and twelve times that of water. Its colour is a dull blueish white ; and from this livid hue, as well as its being totally void of spring or elasticity, it has acquired a sort of character, of dulness and sluggishness. Thus we say of a stupid man, that he has a *leaden* disposition.

G. Lead is very malleable, I think.

T. Yes ; it may be beaten out into a pretty thin leaf, but it will not bear drawing into fine wire. It is not only very fusible, but very readily calcined by heat, changing into a powder, or a scaly matter, which may be made to

take all colours by the fire, from yellow to deep red. You have seen red lead?

G. Yes.

T. That is calcined lead exposed for a considerable time to a strong flame. Lead may even be changed into glass by a moderate heat; and there is a good deal of it in our finest glass.

G. What is white lead?

T. It is lead corroded by the steam of vinegar. Lead in various forms is much used by painters. Its calces dissolve in oil, and are employed for the purpose of thickening paint and making it dry. All lead paints, however, are unwholesome as long as they continue to smell, and the fumes of lead when melted are likewise pernicious. This is the cause why painters and plumbers are so subject to various diseases, particularly violent colics and palsies. The white-lead manufacture is so hurtful to the health, that

the workmen in a very short time are apt to lose the use of their limbs, and be otherwise severely indisposed.

G. I wonder, then, that any body will work in it.

T. Ignorance and high wages are sufficient to induce them. But it is to be lamented that in a great many manufactures the health and lives of individuals are sacrificed to the convenience and profit of the community. Lead, too, when dissolved, as it may be in all sour liquors, is a slow poison, and the more dangerous, as it gives no disagreeable taste. A salt of lead made with vinegar is so sweet as to be called the sugar of lead. It has been too common to put this or some other preparation of lead into sour wines, in order to cure them; and much mischief has been done by this practice.

G. If lead is poisonous, is it not

wrong to make water-pipes and cisterns of it?

T. This has been objected to; but it does not appear that water can dissolve any of the lead. Nor does it readily rust in the air, and hence it is much used to cover buildings with, as well as to line spouts and water-courses. For these purposes the lead is cast into sheets, which are easily cut and hammered into any shape.

H. Bullets and shot, too, are made of lead.

T. They are; and in this way it is ten times more destructive than as a poison.

G. I think more lead seems to be used than any metal except iron.

T. It is; and the plenty of it in our country, is a great benefit to us, both for domestic use, and as an article that brings in much profit by exportation.

G. Where are our principal lead-mines?

T. They are much scattered about our island. The west of England produces a great deal, in Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somersetshire. Wales affords a large quantity. Derbyshire has long been noted for its lead-mines, and so have Northumberland and Durham. And there are considerable ones in the southern part of Scotland. Now do you recollect another metal to be spoken about?

G. Tin.

T. True. Tin resembles lead in colour, but has a more silvery whiteness. It is soft and flexible, like lead, but is distinguished by the crackling noise it makes on being bent. It melts as easily as lead, and also is readily calcined by keeping it in the fire. It is the lightest of the metals, being only seven times as heavy as water. It may be beaten

into a thin leaf, but not drawn out to wire.

G. Is tin of much use?

T. It is not often used by itself, but very frequently in conjunction with other metals. As tin is little liable to rust, or to be corroded by common liquors, it is employed for a lining or coating of vessels made of copper or iron. The saucepans and kettles in the kitchen, you know, are all tinned.

G. Yes. How is it done?

T. By melting the tin, and spreading it upon the surface of the copper, which is first lightly pitched over, in order to make the tin adhere.

H. But what are the vessels made at the tinman's? Are they not all tin?

T. No. *Tinned-ware* (as it is properly called) is made of thin iron plates, coated over with tin by dipping them into a vessel full of melted tin. These plates are afterwards cut and bent to

proper shapes, and the joinings are soldered together with a mixture of tin and other metals. Another similar use of tin is in what is called the silvering of pins.

G. What—is not that real silvering?

T. No. The pins which are made of brass wire, after being pointed and headed, are boiled in water in which grain-tin is put along with tartar, which is a crust that collects on the inside of wine casks. The tartar dissolves some of the tin, and makes it adhere to the surface of the pins, and thus thousands are covered in an instant.

H. That is as clever as what you told us of the gilding of buttons.

T. It is. Another purpose for which great quantities of tin used to be employed, was the making of pewter. The best pewter consists chiefly of tin, with a small mixture of other metals to harden it; and the London pewter was

brought to such perfection as to look almost as well as silver.

G. I can just remember a long row of pewter plates at my grandmother's.

T. You may. In her time all the plates and dishes for the table were made of pewter, and a handsome range of pewter shelves was thought a capital ornament for a kitchen. At present this trade is almost come to nothing through the use of earthenware and china; and pewter is employed for little but the worms of stills and barbers' basins, and porter pots. But a good deal is still exported. Tin is likewise an ingredient in other mixed metals for various purposes, but on the whole, less of it is used than of the other common metals.

G. Is not England more famous for tin than any other country? I have read of the Phœnicians trading here for it in very early times.

T. They did; and tin is still a very

valuable article of export from England. Much of it is sent as far as China. The tin mines are chiefly in Cornwall, and I believe they are the most productive of any in Europe. Very fine tin is also got in the peninsula of Malacca in the East Indies. Well—we have now gone through the metals.

G. But you said something about a kind of metal called zinc.

T. That is one of another class of mineral substances, called *semimetals*. These resemble metals in every quality but ductility, of which they are almost wholly destitute, and for want of it, they can seldom be used in the arts, except when joined with metals.

G. Are there many of them?

T. Yes, several; but we will not talk of them till I have taken some opportunity of showing them to you, for probably you may never have seen any of them. Now try to repeat the

names of all the metals to me in the order of their weight:

H. There is first *gold*.

G. Then *quicksilver*, *lead*, *silver*.

H. *Copper*, *iron*, *tin*.

T. Very right. Now I must tell you of an odd fancy that chemists have had of christening these metals by the names of the heavenly bodies. They have called gold, *Sol* or the Sun.

G. That is suitable enough to its colour and brightness.

H. Then silver should be the moon, for I have heard moonlight called of a silvery hue.

T. True—and they have named it so. It is *Luna*. Quicksilver is *Mercury*, so named probably from its great propensity to dance and jump about, for *Mercury*, you know, was very nimble.

G. Yes—he had wings to his heels.

T. Copper is *Venus*.

G. *Venus* ! surely it is scarcely beautiful enough for that.

T. But they had disposed of the most beautiful ones before. Iron is *Mars*.

H. That is right enough, because swords are made of iron.

T. True. Then tin is *Jupiter*, and lead *Saturn* ; I suppose only to make out the number. Yet the dulness of lead might be thought to agree with that planet which is most remote from the sun. These names childish as they may seem, are worth remembering, since chemists and physicians still apply them to many preparations of the various metals. You will, probably, often hear of *martial*, *lunar*, *mercurial*, and *saturnine* ; and you may now know what they mean.

G. I think the knowledge of metals seems more useful than all you have told us about plants.

T. I don't know that. Many nations make no use at all of metals, but there are none which do not owe a great part of their subsistence to vegetables. However, without inquiring what parts of natural knowledge are *most* useful, you may be assured of this, that all are useful in some degree or other; and there are few things that give one man greater superiority over another, than the extent and accuracy of his knowledge in these particulars. One person passes all his life upon the earth, a stranger to it; while another finds himself at home every where.

WHAT ANIMALS ARE MADE FOR.

PRAY, Papa, (said *Sophia* after she had been a long while teased with the flies that buzzed about her ears, and

settled on her nose and forehead as she sat at work)—Pray what were flies made for?

For some good, I dare say, (replied her Papa.)

S. But I think they do a great deal more harm than good, for I am sure they plague me sadly; and in the kitchen they are so troublesome, that the maids can hardly do their work for them.

P. Flies eat up many things that would otherwise corrupt and become loathsome; and they serve for food to birds, spiders, and many other animals.

S. But we could clean away every thing that was offensive without their help; and as to their serving for food, I have seen whole heaps of them lying dead in a window, without seeming to have done good to any thing.

P. Well, then. Suppose a fly

capable of thinking ; would he not be equally puzzled to find out what men were good for ? This great two-legged monster, he might say, instead of helping us to live, devours more food at a meal than would serve a whole legion of flies. Then he kills us by hundreds when we come within his reach, and I see him destroy and torment all other animals too. And when he dies he is nailed up in a box, and put a great way under ground, as if he grudged doing any more good after his death, than when alive. Now what would you answer to such a reasoning fly ?

S. I would tell him he was very impertinent for talking so of his betters ; for that he and all other creatures were made for the use of man, and not man for theirs.

P. But would you tell him true ? You have just been saying that you could not find out of what use flies were

to us : whereas, when they suck our blood, there is no doubt that we are of use to them.

S. It is that which puzzles me.

P. There are many other animals which we call *noxious*, and which are so far from being useful to us, that we take all possible pains to get rid of them. More than that, there are vast tracts of the earth where few or no men inhabit, which are yet full of beasts, birds, insects, and all living things. These certainly do not exist there for his use alone. On the contrary, they often keep man away.

S. Then what are they made for?

P. They are made to be happy. It is a manifest purpose of the Creator to give being to as much life as possible, for life is enjoyment to all creatures in health and in possession of their faculties. Man surpasses other animals in his powers of enjoyment, and he has

prospects in a future state which they do not share with him. But the Creator equally desires the happiness of all his creatures, and looks down with as much benignity upon these flies that are sporting around us, as upon ourselves.

S. Then we ought not to kill them, if they are ever so troublesome.

P. I do not say that. We have a right to make a reasonable use of all animals for our advantage, and also to free ourselves from such as are hurtful to us. So far our superiority over them may fairly extend. But we should never abuse them for our mere amusement, nor take away their lives wantonly. Nay, a good-natured man will rather undergo a *little* inconvenience, than take away from a creature all that it possesses. An infant may destroy life, but all the kings upon earth cannot restore it. I remember reading of a good-tempered old gentleman, that having been a long time plagued

with a great fly that buzzed about his face all dinner time, at length, after many efforts, caught it. Instead of crushing it to death, he held it carefully in his hand, and opening the window, "Go, (said he)—get thee gone, poor creature; I won't hurt a hair of thy head; surely the world is wide enough for thee and me."

S. I should have loved that man.

P. One of our poets has written some very pretty lines to a fly that came to partake with him of his wine. They begin,

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I;
 Welcome freely to my cup,
 Couldst thou sip and sip it up.

S. How pretty! I think they will almost make me love flies. But pray, Papa, do not animals destroy one another?

P. They do indeed. The greatest part of them only live by the destruction of life. There is a perpetual warfare

going on, in which the stronger prey upon the weaker, and, in their turns, are the prey of those which are a degree stronger than themselves. Even the innocent sheep, with every mouthful of grass, destroys hundreds of small insects. In the air we breathe, and the water we drink, we give death to thousands of invisible creatures.

S. But is not that very strange? If they were created to live and be happy, why should they be destroyed so fast?

P. They are destroyed no faster than others are produced; and if they enjoyed life while it lasted, they have had a good bargain. By making animals the food of animals, Providence has filled up every chink, as it were, of existence. You see these swarms of flies. During all the hot weather they are continually coming forth from the state of eggs and maggots, and as soon as they get the use of wings, they roam about

and fill every place in search of food. Meantime they are giving sustenance to the whole race of spiders; they maintain all the swallow tribe, and contribute greatly to the support of many other small birds; and even afford many a delicate morsel to the fishes. Their own numbers, however, seem scarcely diminished, and vast multitudes live on till the cold weather comes and puts an end to them. Were nothing to touch them, they would probably become so numerous as to starve each other. As it is, they are full of enjoyment themselves, and afford life and enjoyment to other creatures, which in their turn supply the wants of others.

S. It is no charity, then, to tear a spider's web in pieces in order to set a fly at liberty.

P. None at all—no more than it would be to demolish the traps of a poor Indian hunter, who depended upon them for his dinner. They both act as

nature directs them. Shall I tell you a story?

S. O yes—pray do.

P. As a venerable Bramin, who had never in his days eaten any thing but rice, fruits, and milk, and held it the greatest of crimes to shed the blood of any thing that had life, was one day meditating on the banks of the Ganges, he saw a little bird on the ground picking up ants as fast as he could swallow. Murderous wretch, cried he, what scores of lives are sacrificed to one gluttonous meal of thine! Presently a sparrowhawk, pouncing down, seized him in his claws and flew off with him. The Bramin was at first inclined to triumph over the little bird; but on hearing his cries, he could not help pitying him. Poor thing, said he, thou art fallen into the clutches of a tyrant! A stronger tyrant, however, took up the matter; for a falcon in mid air darting on the spar-

row-hawk, struck him to the ground, with the bird lifeless in his talons. Tyrant against tyrant, thought the Bramin, is well enough.. The falcon had not finished tearing his prey, when a lynx stealing from behind a rock on which he was perched, sprung on him, and having strangled him, bore him to the edge of a neighbouring thicket, and began to suck his blood. The Bramin was attentively viewing this new display of retributive justice, when a sudden roar shook the air, and a huge tiger, rushing from the thicket, came like thunder on the lynx. The Bramin was near enough to hear the crashing bones, and was making off in great terror, when he met an English soldier, armed with his musket. He pointed eagerly to the place where the tiger was making his bloody repast. The soldier levelled his gun, and laid the tiger dead. Brave fellow! exclaimed the Bramin. I am

very hungry, said the soldier, can you give me a beef steak? I see you have plenty of cows here. Horrible! cried the Bramin; what! I kill the sacred cows of Brama! Then kill the next tiger yourself, said the soldier.

END OF VOL. IV.

Bensley and Son, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

EVENINGS AT HOME;
OR,
THE JUVENILE BUDGET OPENED:
CONSISTING OF
A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES
FOR THE
Instruction and Amusement
OF
YOUNG PERSONS.

BY J. AIKIN, M.D.
AND
MRS. BARBAULD.

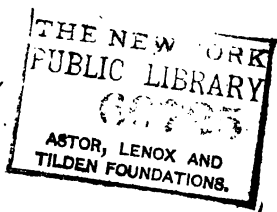
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Bolt Court, Fleet Street.**

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TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

ON EARTHS AND STONES.

Tutor—George—Harry.

Harry. I WONDER what all this heap of stones is for.

George. I can tell you—it is for the lime-kiln; don't you see it just by?

H. O yes, I do. But what is to be done to them there?

G. Why they are to be burned into lime; don't you know that?

H. But what is lime, and what are its uses?

G. I can tell you one; they lay it on the fields for manure. Don't you remember we saw a number of little heaps of it, that we took for sheep at a distance, and wondered they did not move? However, I believe we had

better ask our tutor about it. Will you please, Sir, to tell us somewhat about lime?

Tutor. Willingly. But suppose, as we talked about all sorts of metals some time ago, I should now give you a lecture about stones and earths of all kinds, which are equally valuable, and much more common, than metals.

G. Pray do, Sir.

H. I shall be very glad to hear it.

T. Well then. In the first place, the ground we tread upon, to as great a depth as it has been dug, consists for the most part of matter of various appearance and hardness, called by the general name of *earths*. In common language, indeed, only the soft and powdery substances are so named, while the hard and solid are called *stone* or *rock*; but chymists use the same term for all; as, in fact, earth is only crumbled stone, and stone only consolidated earth.

H. What!—has the mould of my garden ever been stone.

T. The black earth or mould which covers the surface wherever plants grow, consists mostly of parts of rotted vegetables, such as stalks, leaves, and roots, mixed with sand or loose clay; but this only reaches a little way; and beneath it you always come to a bed of gravel, or clay, or stone, of some kind. Now these earths and stones are distinguished into several species, but principally into three, the properties of which make them useful to man for very different purposes, and are therefore very well worth knowing. As you began with asking me about lime, I shall first mention that class of earths from which it is obtained. These have derived their name of *calcareous* from this very circumstance, *calx* being lime, in Latin; and lime is got from them all in the same way, by burning them in a strong

fire. There are many kinds of calcareous earths. One of them is *marble*; you know what that is?

G. O yes! Our parlour chimney-piece and hearth are marble.

H. And so are the monuments in the church.

T. True. There are various kinds of it; white, black, yellow, gray, mottled and veined with different colours; but all of them are hard and heavy stones, admitting a fine polish, on which account they are much used in ornamental works.

G. I think statues are made of it.

T. Yes; and where it is plentiful, columns, and porticoes, and sometimes whole buildings. Marble is the luxury of architecture.

H. Where does marble come from?

T. From a great many countries. Great Britain produces some, but mostly of inferior kinds. What we use chiefly

comes from Italy. The Greek islands yield some fine sorts. That of Paros is of ancient fame for whiteness and purity, and the finest antique statues have been made of Parian marble.

H. I suppose black marble will not burn into white lime.

T. Yes, it will. A violent heat will expel most of the colouring matter of marbles, and make them white. *Chalk* is another kind of calcareous earth. This is of a much softer consistence than marble; being easily cut with a knife, and marking things on which it is rubbed. It is found in great beds in the earth; and in some parts of England, whole hills are composed of it.

G. Are chalk and whiting the same?

T. Whiting is made of the finer and purer particles of chalk washed out from the rest, and then dried in

lumps. This, you know, is quite soft and crumbly. There are, besides, a great variety of stones in the earth, harder than chalk, but softer than marble, which will burn to lime, and are therefore called *lime-stones*. These differ much in colour and other properties, and accordingly furnish lime of different qualities. In general, the harder the limestone is, the firmer the lime made from it. Whole ridges of mountains in various parts are composed of limestone, and it is found plentifully in most of the hilly counties of England to the great advantage of the inhabitants.

G. Will not oyster-shells burn into lime? I think I have heard of oyster-shell lime.

T. They will; and this is another source of calcareous earth. The shells of all animals, both land and sea, as oysters, muscles, cockles, crabs, lobsters, snails, and the like, and also

egg-shells of all kinds, consist of this earth; and so does coral, which is formed by insects under the sea, and is very abundant in some countries. Vast quantities of shells are often found deep in the earth, in the midst of chalk and lime-stone beds; whence some have supposed that all calcareous earth is originally an animal production.

H. But where could animals enow ever have lived to make mountains of their shells?

T. That, indeed, I cannot answer. But there are sufficient proofs that our world must long have existed in a very different state from the present. Well—but beside these purer calcareous earths, it is very frequently found mingled in different proportions with other earths. Thus *marle*, which is so much used in manuring land, and of which there are a great many kinds,

all consists of calcareous earth, united with clay and sand ; and the more of this earth it contains, the richer manure it generally makes.

G. Is there any way of discovering it when it is mixed in this manner with other things ?

T. Yes--there is an easy and sure method of discovering the smallest portion of it. All calcareous earth has the property of dissolving in acids, and effervescing with them ; that is, they bubble and hiss when acids are poured upon them. You may readily try this at any time with a piece of chalk or an oyster-shell.

G. I will pour some vinegar upon an oyster-shell as soon as I get home. But now I think of it, I have often done so in eating oysters, and I never observed it to hiss or bubble.

T. Vinegar is not an acid strong enough to act upon a thing so solid

as a shell. But aqua fortis, or spirit of salt, will do it at once ; and persons who examine the nature of fossils always travel with a bottle of one of these acids, by way of a test of calcareous earth. Your vinegar will answer with chalk or whiting. This property of dissolving in acids, and what is called neutralising them, or taking away their sourness, has caused many of the calcareous earths to be used in medicine. You know that sometimes our food turns very sour upon the stomach, and occasions the pain called heart-burn, and other uneasy symptoms. In these cases it is common to give chalk or powdered shells, or other things of this kind, which afford relief, by destroying the acid.

G. I suppose, then, *magnesia* is something of this sort, for I have often seen it given to my little sister when they said her stomach was out of order,

T. It is; but it has some peculiar properties which distinguish it from other calcareous earths, and particularly it will not burn to lime. Magnesia is an artificial production, got from one of the ingredients in sea-water, called the bitter purging salt.

G. Pray what are the other uses of these earths?

T. Such of them as are hard stone, as the marbles and many of the limestones, are used for the same purposes as other stones. But their great use is in the form of lime, which is a substance of many curious properties that I will now explain to you. When fresh burnt it is called *quicklime*, on account of the heat and life, as it were, which it possesses. Have you ever seen a lump put into water?

G. Yes, I have.

T. Were you not much surprised to see it swell and crack to pieces, with a

hissing noise and a great smoke and heat?

G. I was, indeed. But what is the cause of this?—how can cold water occasion so much heat?

T. I will tell you. The strong heat to which calcareous earth is exposed in making it lime, expels all the water it contained (for all earths, as well as almost every thing else, naturally contain water) and also a quantity of air which was united with it. At the same time it imbibes a good deal of fire, which remains fixed in its substance, even after it has grown cool to the touch. If water be now added to this quicklime, it is drunk in again with such rapidity, as to crack and break the lime to pieces. At the same time, most of the fire it had imbibed is driven out again, and makes itself sensible by its effects, burning all the things that it touches, and turning the water to steam. This operation

is called slacking of lime. The water in which lime is slacked dissolves a part of it, and acquires a very pungent harsh taste: this is used in medicine under the name of lime-water. If instead of soaking quicklime in water, it is exposed for some time to the air, it attracts moisture slowly, and by degrees falls to powder, without much heat or disturbance. But whether lime be slacked in water or air, it does not at first return to the state in which it was before, since it still remains deprived of its air; and on that account is still pungent and caustic. At length, however, it recovers this also from the atmosphere, and is then calcareous earth as at first. Now it is upon some of these circumstances that the utility of lime depends. In the first place, its burning and corroding quality makes it useful to the tanner, in loosening all the hair from the hides, and destroying the flesh and fat that ad-

here to them. And so in various other trades it is used as a great cleanser and purifier.

H. I have a thought come into my head. When it is laid upon the ground I suppose its use must be to burn up the weeds.

T. True—that is part of its use.

G. But it must burn up the good grass and corn too.

T. Properly objected. But the case is, that the farmer does not sow his seeds till the lime is rendered mild by exposure to the air and weather, and is well mixed with the soil. And even then it is reckoned a hot and forcing manure, chiefly fit for cold and wet lands. The principal use of lime, however, is as an ingredient in *mortar*. This, you know, is the cement by which bricks and stones are held together in building. It is made of fresh slacked lime and a proportion of sand well

mixed together; and generally some chopped hair is put into it. The lime binds with the other ingredients; and in length of time, the mortar, if well made, becomes as hard or harder than stone itself.

G. I have heard of the mortar in very old buildings being harder and stronger than any made at present.

T. That is only on account of its age. Burning lime and making mortar are as well understood now as ever; but in order to have it excellent, the lime should be of a good quality, and thoroughly burnt. Some sorts of lime have the property of making mortar which will harden under water, whence it is much valued for bridges, locks, wharfs, and the like.

G. Pray is not plaster of Paris a kind of lime? I know it will become hard by only mixing water with it, for I have used it to make casts of.

T. The powder you call plaster of Paris is made of an earth named *gypsum*, of which there are several kinds. *Alabaster* is a stone of this sort, and hard enough to be used like marble. The gypseous earths are of the calcareous kind, but they have naturally a portion of acid united with them, whence they will not effervesce on having acid poured on them. But they are distinguished by the property, that after being calcinated or burned in the fire, and reduced to powder, they will set into a solid body by the addition of water alone. This makes them very useful for ornamental plasters, that are to receive a form or impression, such as the stucco for the ceiling of rooms.

Well—we have said enough about calcareous earths; now to another class, the *argillaceous*.

G. I think I know what those are. *Argilla* is *Latin* for *clay*.

10 TWENTY FIRST EVENING.
T. True ; and they are also called *clayey* earths. In general, these earths are of a soft texture and sort of greasy feel ; but they are peculiarly distinguished by the property of becoming sticky on being tempered with water, so that they may be drawn out, and worked into form like a paste. Have you ever, when you were a little boy, made a clay house ?

G. Yes, I have.

T. Then you well know the manner in which clay is tempered, and worked for this purpose.

H. Yes—and I remember helping to make little pots and mugs of clay.

T. Then you imitated the potter's trade ; for all utensils of earthen ware are made of clays either pure or mixed. This is one of the oldest arts among mankind, and one of the most useful. They furnish materials for building, too ; for bricks and tiles are made of

these earths. But in order to be fit for these purposes, it is necessary that clay should not only be soft and ductile while it is forming, but capable of being hardened afterwards. And this it is, by the assistance of fire. Pottery ware and bricks are burned with a strong heat in kilns, by which they acquire a hardness equal to that of the hardest stone.

G. I think I have heard of bricks being baked by the sun's heat alone in very hot countries.

T. True; and they may serve for building in climates where rain scarcely ever falls; but heavy showers would wash them away. Fire seems to change the nature of clays; for after they have undergone its operation, they become incapable of returning again to a soft and ductile state. You might steep brick dust or pounded pots in water ever so long without making it hold together in the least.

G. I suppose there are many kinds of clays?

T. There are. Argillaceous earths differ greatly from each other in colour, purity, and other qualities. Some are perfectly white, as that of which tobacco-pipes are made. Others are blue, brown, yellow, and in short of all hues, which they owe to mixtures of other earths or metals. Those which 'burn red contain a portion of iron. No clays are found perfectly pure ; but they are mixed with more or less of other earths. The common brick clays contain a large proportion of sand, which often makes them crumbly and perishable. In general, the finest earthen ware is made of the purest and whitest clays ; but other matters are mixed in order to harden and strengthen them. Thus *porcelain* or *china* is made with a clayey earth mixed with a stone of a vitrifiable nature, that is, which may be melted

into glass ; and the fine pottery called *queen's ware* is a mixture of tobacco-pipe clay, and flints burned and powdered. Common *stone-ware* is a coarse mixture of this sort. Some species of pottery are made with mixtures of burned and unburned clay ; the former, as I told you before, being incapable of becoming soft again with water like a natural clay.

H. Are clays of no other use than to make pottery of ?

T. Yes, the richest soils are those which have a proportion of clay ; and marle, which I have already mentioned as a manure, generally contains a good deal of it. Then clay has the property of absorbing oil or grease, whence some kinds of it are used like soap for cleaning clothes. The substance called *Fuller's earth* is a mixed earth of the argillaceous kind ; and its use in taking out the oil which naturally adheres to wool is so great, that it has been one

cause of the superiority of our woollen cloths.

H. Then I suppose it is found in England ?

T. Yes. There are pits of the best kind of it near Woburn in Bedfordshire. A clayey stone called soap rock has exactly the feel and look of soap, and will even lather with water. The different kinds of slate, too, are stones of the argillaceous class ; and very useful ones, for covering houses, and other purposes.

H. Are writing slates like the slates used for covering houses ?

T. Yes ; but their superior blackness and smoothness make them show better the marks of the pencil.

G. You have mentioned something of sand and flints, but you have not told us what sort of earths they are.

T. I reserved that till I spoke of the third great class of earths. This is

the *siliceous* class, so named from *silex*, which is Latin for a flint-stone. They have also been called *vitriifiable* earths, because they are the principal ingredient in glass, named in Latin *vitrum*.

G. I have heard of flint-glass.

T. Yes—but neither flint, nor any other of the kind, will make glass, even by the strongest heat, without some addition ; but this we will speak of by and by. I shall now tell you the principal properties of these earths. They are all very hard, and will strike fire with steel, when in a mass large enough for the stroke. They mostly run into particular shapes, with sharp angles and points, and have a certain degree of transparency ; which has made them also be called *crystalline* earths. They do not in the least soften with water, like clays ; nor are they affected by acids, nor do they burn to lime, like the calcareous earths.

As to the different kinds of them, *flint* has already been mentioned. It is a very common production in some parts, and is generally met with in pebbles or round lumps. What is called the *shingle* on the sea-shore chiefly consists of it ; and the ploughed fields in some places are almost entirely covered with flint stones.

H. But do they not hinder the corn from growing?

T. The corn, to be sure, cannot take root upon them, but I believe it has been found that the protection they afford to the young plants which grow under them, is more than equal to the harm they do by taking up room. Flints are also frequently found imbedded in chalk under the ground. Those used in the Staffordshire potteries chiefly come from the chalk pits near Gravesend. So much for flints. You have seen white pebbles, which are

semi-transparent, and when broken resemble white sugar-candy. They are common on the sea-shore, and beds of rivers.

H. O, yes. We call them fire-stones. When they are rubbed together in the dark they send out great flashes of light, and have a particular smell.

T. True. The proper name of these is *quartz*. It is found in large quantities in the earth, and the ores of metals are often imbedded in it. Sometimes it is perfectly transparent, and then it is called *crystal*. Some of these crystals shoot into exact mathematical figures; and because many salts do the same, and are also transparent, they are called the *crystals* of such or such a salt.

G. Is not fine glass called crystal, too?

T. It is called so by way of simile; thus we say of a thing, "it is as clear

as crystal.” But the only true crystal is an earth of the kind I have been describing. Well—now we come to *sand* ; for this is properly only quartz in a powdery state. If you examine the grains of sand singly, or look at them with a magnifying glass, you will find them all either entirely or partly transparent ; and in some of the white shining sands the grains are all little bright crystals.

H. But most sand is brown or yellowish.

T. That is owing to some mixture generally of the metallic kind. I believe I once told you that all sands were supposed to contain a small portion of gold. It is more certain that many of them contain iron.

G. But what could have brought this quartz and crystal into powder, so as to have produced all the sand in the world ?

T. That is not very easy to deter-

mine. On the sea-shore, however, the incessant rolling of the pebbles by the waves is enough in time to grind them to powder; and there is reason to believe that the greatest part of what is now dry land, was once sea, which may account for the vast beds of sand met with inland.

G. I have seen some stone so soft that one might crumble it between one's fingers, and then it seemed to turn to sand.

T. There are several of this kind, more or less solid, which are chiefly composed of sand conglutinated by some natural cement. Such are called *sand-stone*, or *freestone*, and are used for various purposes, in building, making grindstones, and the like, according to their hardness.

H. Pray what are the common pebbles that the streets are paved with?

I am sure they strike fire enough with horses shoes.

T. They are stones of the siliceous kind, either pure or mixed with other earths. One of the hardest and best for this purpose is called *granite*, which is of various kinds and colours, but always consists of grains of different siliceous earths cemented together. The streets of London are paved with granite brought from Scotland. In some other stones, these bits of different earths dispersed through the cement are so large, as to look like plums in a pudding; whence they have obtained the name of *pudding-stones*.

G. I think there is a kind of stones that you have not yet mentioned—precious stones.

T. These, too, are all of the siliceous class;—from the opaque or half-transparent, as agate, jasper, cornelian,

and the like, to the perfectly clear and brilliant ones, as ruby, emerald, topaz, sapphire, &c.

G. Diamond, no doubt, is one of them.

T. So it has commonly been reckoned, and the purest of all ; but some late experiments have shown, that though it is the hardest body in nature, it may be totally dispersed into smoke and flame by a strong fire ; so that mineralogists will now hardly allow it to be a stone at all, but class it among inflammable substances. The precious stones above mentioned owe their different colours chiefly to some metallic mixture. They are in general extremely hard, so as to cut glass, and one another ; but diamonds will cut all the rest.

G. I suppose they must be very rare.

T. Yes ; and in this rarity consists the greatest part of their value. They

are, indeed, beautiful objects; but the figure they make in proportion to their expense is so very small, that their high price may be reckoned one of the principal follies among mankind. What proportion can there possibly be between the real worth of a glittering stone as big as a hazel-nut, and a magnificent house and gardens, or a large tract of country covered with noble woods and rich meadows and corn-fields? And as to the mere glitter, a large lustre of cut glass has an infinitely greater effect on the eye than all the jewels of a foreign prince.

G. Will you please to tell us now how glass is made?

T. Willingly. The base of it is, as I said before, some earth of the siliceous class. Those commonly used are flint and sand. Flint is first burned or calcined, which makes it quite white, like enamel; and it is then powdered. This

is the material sometimes used for some very white glasses; but sand is that commonly preferred, as being already in a powdery form. The white crystalline sands are used for fine glass; the brown or yellow for the common sort. As these earths will not melt of themselves, the addition in making glass is somewhat that promotes their fusion. Various things will do this; but what is generally used is an alkaline salt, obtained from the ashes of burnt vegetables. Of this there are several kinds, as pot-ash, pearl-ash, barrilla, and kelp. The salt is mixed with the sand in a certain proportion, and the mixture then exposed in earthen pots to a violent heat, till it is thoroughly melted. The mass is then taken while hot and fluid, in such quantities as are wanted, and fashioned by blowing and the use of sheers and other instruments. You must see this

done some time, for it is one of the most curious and pleasing of all manufactures ; and it is not possible to form an idea of the ease and dexterity with which glass is wrought, without an actual view.

H. I should like very much to see it, indeed.

G. Where is glass made in this country ?

T. In many places. Some of the finest in London ; but the coarser kinds generally where coals are cheap ; as at Newcastle and its neighbourhood, in Lancashire, at Stourbridge, Bristol, and in South Wales. I should have told you, however, that in our finest and most brilliant glass, a quantity of the calx of lead is put, which vitrifies with the other ingredients, and gives the glass more firmness and density. The blue, yellow, and red glasses are coloured with the calxes of other metals.

As to the common' green glass, it is made with an alkali that has a good deal of calcareous earth remaining with the ashes of the plant. But to understand all the different circumstances of glass-making, one must have a thorough knowledge of chemistry.

G. I think making of glass is one of the finest inventions of human skill.

T. It is perhaps not of that capital importance that some other arts possess ; but it has been a great addition to the comfort and pleasure of life in many ways. Nothing makes such clean and agreeable vessels as glass, which has the quality of not being corroded by any kind of liquor, as well as that of showing its contents by its transparency. Hence it is greatly preferable to the most precious metals for drinking out of ; and for the same reasons it is preferred to every other material for chemical utensils, where

the heat to be employed is not strong enough to melt it.

H. Then, glass windows.

T. Ay ; that is a very material comfort in a climate like ours, where we so often wish to let in the light, and keep out the cold wind and rain. What could be more gloomy than to sit in the dark, or with no other light than came in through small holes covered with oiled paper or bladder, unable to see any thing passing without doors ! Yet this must have been the case with the most sumptuous palaces before the invention of window-glass, which was a good deal later than that of bottles and drinking-glasses.

H. I think looking-glasses are very beautiful.

T. They are indeed very elegant pieces of furniture, and very costly too. The art of casting glass into large plates, big enough to reach almost from the

bottom to the top of a room, is but lately introduced into this country from France. But the most splendid and brilliant manner of employing glass is in lustres and chandeliers, hung round with drops cut so as to reflect the light with all the colours of the rainbow. Some of the shops in London filled with these articles, appear to realize all the wonders of an enchanted palace in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

G. But are not spectacles and spying-glasses more useful than all these ?

T. I did not mean to pass them over, I assure you. By the curious invention of optical glasses of various kinds, not only the natural defects of the sight have been remedied, and old age has been in some measure lightened of one of its calamities, but the sense of seeing has been wonderfully extended. The telescope has brought distant objects within our view, while the microscope

has given us a clear survey of near objects too minute for our unassisted eyes. By means of both, some of the brightest discoveries of the moderns have been made ; so that glass has proved not less admirable in promoting science, than in contributing to splendour and convenience. Well—I don't know that I have any thing more at present to say relative to the class of earths. We have gone through the principal circumstances belonging to their three great divisions, the *calcareous*, *argillaceous*, and *siliceous*. You will remember, however, that most of the earths and stones offered by nature are not in any one of these kinds perfectly pure, but contain a mixture of one or both the others. There is not a pebble that you can pick up, which would not exercise the skill of a mineralogist fully to ascertain its properties, and the materials of its composition. So inexhaustible is nature !

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

It was a delightful evening about the end of August. The sun setting in a pure sky illuminated the tops of the western hills, and tipped the opposite trees with a yellow lustre.

A traveller, with sun-burnt cheeks and dusty feet, strong and active, having a knapsack at his back, had gained the summit of a steep ascent, and stood gazing on the plain below.

This was a wide tract of champaign country, checquered with villages, whose towers and spires peeped above the trees in which they were embosomed. The space between them was chiefly arable land, from which the last products of the harvest were busily carrying away.

A rivulet winded through the plain ;

its course marked with gray willows. On its banks were verdant meadows, covered with lowing herds, moving slowly to the milk-maids, who came tripping along with pails on their heads. A thick wood clothed the side of a gentle eminence rising from the water, crowned with the ruins of an ancient castle.

Edward (that was the traveller's name) dropped on one knee, and clasping his hands, exclaimed, "Welcome, welcome, my dear native land! Many a sweet spot have I seen since I left thee, but none so sweet as thou! Never has thy dear image been out of my memory; and now with what transport do I retrace all thy charms! O receive me again never more to quit thee!" So saying, he threw himself on the turf, and having kissed it, rose and proceeded on his journey.

As he descended into the plain, he

he overtook a little group of children, merrily walking along the path, and stopping now and then to gather berries in the hedge.

“Where are you going, my dears?” said Edward.

“We are going home,” they all replied.

“And where is that?”

“Why to Summerton, that town there among the trees, just before us. Don’t you see it?”

“I see it well,” answered Edward, the tear standing in his eye.

“And what is your name — and yours — and yours?”

The little innocents told their names. Edward’s heart leaped at the well-known sounds.

“And what is *your* name, my dear?” said he to a pretty girl, somewhat older than the rest, who hung back shyly, and

held the hand of a ruddy white-headed boy, just breeched.

“ It is Rose Walsingham, and this is my younger brother, Roger.”

“ *Walsingham!*” Edward clasped the girl round the neck, and surprised her with two or three very close kisses. He then lifted up little Roger, and almost devoured him. Roger seemed as if he wanted to be set down again, but Edward told him he would carry him home.

“ And can you show me the house you live at, Rose?” said Edward.

“ Yes—it is just there, beside the pond, with the great barn before it, and the orchard behind.”

“ And will you take me home with you, Rose?”

“ If you please,” answered Rose, hesitatingly.

They walked on; Edward said but little, for his heart was full, but he frequently kissed little Roger.

Coming at length to a stile from which a path led across a little close, "This is the way to our house," said Rose.

The other children parted. Edward set down Roger, and got over the stile. He still, however, kept hold of the boy's hand. He trembled, and looked wildly around him.

When they approached the house, an old mastiff came running to meet the children. He looked up at Edward rather sourly, and gave a little growl; when all at once his countenance changed; he leaped upon him, licked his hand, wagged his tail, murmured in a soft voice, and seemed quite overcome with joy. Edward stooped down, patted his head, and cried, "Poor Captain, what, are you alive yet?" Rose was surprised that the stranger and their dog should know one another.

They all entered the house together.

A good-looking middle-aged woman was busied in preparing articles of cookery, assisted by her grown-up daughter. She spoke to the children as they came in, and casting a look of some surprise on Edward, asked him what his business was?

Edward was some time silent; at length with a faltering voice, he cried, "Have you forgot me, mother?"

"Edward! my son Edward!" exclaimed the good woman. And they were instantly locked in each other's arms.

"My brother Edward," said Molly; and took her turn for an embrace, as soon as her mother gave her room.

"Are you my brother?" said Rose.

"That I am, replied Edward, with another kiss. Little Roger looked hard at him, but said nothing.

News of Edward's arrival soon flew across the yard, and in came from the

barn his father, his next brother Thomas, and the third William. The father fell on his neck, and sobbed out his welcome and blessing. Edward had not hands enow for them all to shake.

An aged white-headed labourer came in, and held out his shrivelled hand. Edward gave it a hearty squeeze. "God bless you," said old Isaac; "this is the best day I have seen this many a year."

"And where have you been this long while?" cried the father.—"Eight years and more," added the mother.

His elder brother took off his knapsack; and Molly drew him a chair. Edward seated himself, and they all gathered round him. The old dog got within the circle, and lay at his feet.

"O, how glad I am to see you all again!" were Edward's first words. "How well you look, mother! but father grows thinner. As for the rest

I should have known none of you, unless it had been Thomas and old Isaac."

"What a sun-burnt face you have got!—but you look brave and hearty," cries his mother.

"Ay, mother, I have been enough in the sun, I assure you. From seventeen to five and twenty I have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and I have seen more in that time than most men in the course of their lives.

"Our young landlord, you know, took such a liking to me at school, that he would have me go with him on his travels. We went through most of the countries of Europe, and at last to Naples, where my poor master took a fever and died. I never knew what grief was till then; and I believe the thoughts of leaving me in a strange country went as much to his heart as his illness. An intimate acquaintance of

his, a rich young West Indian, seeing my distress, engaged me to go with him in a voyage he was about to take to Jamaica. We were too short a time in England before we sailed for me to come and see you first, but I wrote you a letter from the Downs."

"We never received it," said his father.

"That was a pity," returned Edward; "for you must have concluded I was either dead, or had forgotten you. Well—we arrived safe in the West Indies, and there I staid till I had buried that master too; for young men die fast in that country. I was very well treated, but I could never like the place; and yet Jamaica is a very fine island, and has many good people in it. But for me, used to see freemen work cheerfully along with their masters—to behold nothing but droves of black slaves in the fields, toiling in the

fields, toiling in the burning sun, under the constant dread of the lash of hard-hearted task-masters ;—it was what I could not bring myself to bear ; and though I might have been made an overseer of a plantation, I chose rather to live in a town, and follow some domestic occupation. I could soon have got rich there ; but I fell into a bad state of health, and people were dying all round me of the yellow fever ; so I collected my little property, and though a war had broken out, I ventured to embark with it for England.

“ The ship was taken, and carried into the Havanna, and I lost my all, and my liberty besides. However, I had the good fortune to ingratiate myself with a Spanish merchant whom I had known at Jamaica, and he took me with him to the continent of South America. I visited great part of this country, once possessed by flourishing and inde-

pendent nations, but now groaning under the severe yoke of their haughty conquerors. I saw those famous gold and silver mines, where the poor natives work naked, for ever shut out from the light of day, in order that the wealth of their unhappy land may go to spread luxury and corruption throughout the remotest regions of Europe.

“ I accompanied my master across the great southern ocean, a voyage of some months, without the sight of any thing but water and sky. We came to the rich city of Manilla, the capital of the Spanish settlements in those parts. There I had my liberty restored, along with a handsome reward for my services. I got thence to China; and from China, to the English settlements in the East Indies, where the sight of my countrymen, and the sounds of my native tongue, made me fancy myself almost at home again, though still separated by half the globe.

“ Here I saw a delightful country, swarming with industrious inhabitants, some cultivating the land, others employed in manufactures, but of so gentle and effeminate a disposition, that they have always fallen under the yoke of their invaders. Here how was I forced to blush for my countrymen, whose avarice and rapacity so often have laid waste this fair land, and brought on it all the horrors of famine and desolation ! I have seen human creatures quarrelling like dogs for bare bones thrown upon a dunghill. I have seen fathers selling their families for a little rice, and mothers entreating strangers to take their children for slaves, that they might not die of hunger. In the midst of such scenes, I saw pomp and luxury of which our country affords no examples.

“ Having remained here a considerable time, I gladly at length set my face homewards, and joined a company who

undertook the long and perilous journey to Europe over land. We crossed vast tracts both desert and cultivated; sandy plains parched with heat and drought, and infested with bands of ferocious plunderers. I have seen a well of muddy water more valued than ten camel-loads of treasure; and a few half-naked horsemen strike more terror than a king with all his guards. At length, after numberless hardships and dangers, we arrived at civilized Europe, and forgot all we had suffered. As I came nearer my native land, I grew more and more impatient to reach it; and when I had set foot on it, I was still more restless till I could see again my beloved home.

“ Here I am at last—happy in bringing back a sound constitution, and a clear conscience. I have also brought enough of the relics of my honest gains to furnish a little farm in the neighbourhood, where I mean to sit down and spend my

days in the midst of those whom I love better than all the world besides."

When Edward had finished, kisses and kind shakes of the hand were again repeated, and his mother brought out a large slice of harvest cake, with a bottle of her nicest currant wine, to refresh him after his day's march. "You are come," said his father, "at a lucky time, for this is our harvest supper. We shall have some of our neighbours to make merry with us, who will be almost as glad to see you as we are—for you were always a favourite among them."

It was not long before the visitors arrived. The young folks ran to meet them, crying, "Our Edward's come back — Our Edward's come home! Here he is—this is he;" and so without ceremony, they introduced them.

"Welcome!—welcome!—God bless you!" sounded on all sides. Edward knew all the elderly ones at first sight,

but the young people puzzled him for a while. At length he recollected this to have been his schoolfellow, and that his companion in driving plough; and he was not long in finding out his favourite and playfellow Sally, of the next farm-house, whom he left a romping girl of fifteen, and now saw a blooming full-formed young woman of three-and-twenty. He contrived in the evening to get next her; and though she was somewhat reserved at first, they had pretty well renewed their intimacy before the company broke up.

“Health to Edward, and a happy settlement among us,” was the parting toast. When all were retired, the *Returned Wanderer* went to rest in the very room in which he was born, having first paid fervent thanks to Heaven for preserving him to enjoy a blessing the dearest to his heart.

THE DOG AND HIS RELATIONS.

KEEPER was a farmer's mastiff, honest, brave, and vigilant. One day as he was ranging at some distance from home he espied a Wolf and a Fox sitting together at the corner of a wood. *Keeper*, not much liking their looks, though by no means fearing them, was turning another way, when they called after him, and civilly desired him to stay. "Surely, Sir, (says *Reynard*), you won't disown your relations. My cousin *Gaunt* and I were just talking over family matters, and we both agreed that we had the honour of reckoning you among our kin. You must know that, according to the best accounts, the wolves and dogs were originally one race in the forests of Armenia; but the dogs, taking to living with man, have since become inhabitants of towns and

villages, while the wolves have retained their ancient mode of life. As to my ancestors, the foxes, they were a branch of the same family, who settled farther northwards, where they became stunted in their growth, and adopted the custom of living in holes under ground. The cold has sharpened our noses, and given us a thicker fur and bushy tails to keep us warm. But we have all a family likeness which it is impossible to mistake; and I am sure it is our interest to be good friends with each other."

The wolf was of the same opinion; and *Keeper* looking narrowly at them, could not help acknowledging their relationship. As he had a generous heart, he readily entered into friendship with them. They took a ramble together; but *Keeper* was rather surprised at observing the suspicious shyness with which some of the weaker sort of animals surveyed them, and wondered

at the hasty flight of a flock of sheep as soon as they came within view. However he gave his cousins a cordial invitation to come and see him at his yard, and then took his leave.

They did not fail to come the next day about dusk. *Keeper* received them kindly, and treated them with part of his own supper. They staid with him till after dark, and then marched off with many compliments. The next morning word was brought to the farm that a goose and three goslings were missing, and that a couple of lambs were found almost devoured in the home field. *Keeper* was too honest himself readily to suspect others, so he never thought of his kinsmen on the occasion. Soon after, they paid him a second evening visit; and next day another loss appeared, of a hen and her chickens, and a fat sheep. Now *Keeper* could not help mistrusting a little, and

blamed himself for admitting strangers, without his master's knowledge. However, he still did not love to think ill of his own relations.

They came a third time. *Keeper* received them rather coldly ; and hinted that he should like better to see them in the day-time ; but they excused themselves for want of leisure. When they took their leave, he resolved to follow at some distance and watch their motions. A litter of young pigs happened to be lying under a haystack without the yard. The wolf seized one by the back, and ran off with him. The pig set up a most dismal squeal ; and *Keeper*, running up at the noise, caught his dear cousin in the fact. He flew at him and made him relinquish his prey, though not without much snarling and growling. The fox, who had been prowling about the hen-roost, now came up, and began to make protestations of his own

innocence, with heavy reproaches against the wolf for thus disgracing the family. "Begone, scoundrels both! (cried *Keeper*) I know you now too well. You may be of my blood, but I am sure you are not of my spirit. *Keeper* holds no kindred with villains." So saying, he drove them from the premises.

THE COST OF A WAR.

You may remember, Oswald, (said Mr. B. to his son) that I gave you some time ago a notion of *the price of a victory* to the poor souls engaged in it.

I shall not soon forget it, I assure you, Sir, (replied Oswald.)

Father. Very well; I mean now to give you some idea of *the cost of a war* to the people among whom it is carried on. This may serve to abate something of the admiration with which his-

torians are too apt to inspire us for great warriors and conquerors. You have heard, I doubt not, of Louis the Fourteenth, king of France.

Os. O yes!

F. He was entitled by his subjects *Louis le Grand*, and was compared by them to the Alexanders and Cæsars of antiquity; and with some justice as to the extent of his power, and the use he made of it. He was the most potent prince of his time; commanded mighty and victorious armies; and enlarged the limits of his hereditary dominions. Louis was not naturally a hard-hearted man; but having been taught from his cradle that every thing ought to give way to the interests of his glory, and that this glory consisted in domineering over his neighbours, and making conquests, he grew to be insensible to all the miseries brought on his own and other people, in pursuit of this noble de-

sign as he thought it. Moreover, he was plunged in dissolute pleasures, and the delights of pomp and splendor, from his youth; and he was ever surrounded by a tribe of abject flatterers, who made him believe that he had a full right in all cases to do as he pleased. Conquest abroad and pleasure at home were therefore the chief business of his life.

One evening, his minister, Louvois, came to him and said, “Sire, it is absolutely necessary to make a desert of the *Palatinate*.”

This is a country in Germany, on the banks of the Rhine, one of the most populous and best cultivated districts in that empire, filled with towns and villages, and industrious inhabitants.

“I should be sorry to do it (replied the king), for you know how much odium we acquired throughout Europe when a part of it was laid waste some time ago, under Marshal Turenne.”

“ It cannot be helped, Sire (returned Louvois). All the damage he did has been repaired, and the country is as flourishing as ever. If we leave it in its present state it will afford quarters to your majesty's enemies, and endanger your conquests. It must be entirely ruined—the good of the service will not permit it to be otherwise.”

“ Well then (answered Louis,) if it must be so, you are to give orders accordingly.” So saying he left the cabinet, and went to assist at a magnificent festival given in honour of his favourite mistress by a prince of the blood.

The pitiless Louvois lost no time ; but dispatched a courier that very night, with positive orders to the French generals in the Palatinate to carry fire and desolation through the whole country—not to leave a house or a tree standing—and to expel all the inhabitants.

It was the midst of a rigorous winter.

Os. O horrible! but surely the generals would not obey such orders.

F. What! a general disobey the commands of his sovereign! that would be contrary to every maxim of the *trade*. Right and wrong are no considerations to a military man. He is only to do as he is bid. The French generals who were upon the spot, and must see with their own eyes all that was done, probably felt somewhat like men on the occasion; but the sacrifice to their duty as soldiers was so much the greater. The commands were peremptory, and they were obeyed to a tittle. Towns and villages were burnt to the ground; vineyards and orchards were cut down and rooted up; sheep and cattle were killed; all the fair works of ages were destroyed in a moment; and the smiling

face of culture was turned to a dreary waste.

The poor inhabitants were driven from their warm and comfortable habitations into the open fields, to confront all the inclemencies of the season. Their furniture was burnt or pillaged, and nothing was left them but the clothes on their backs, and the few necessities they could carry with them. The roads were covered with trembling fugitives, going they knew not whither, shivering with cold and pinched with hunger.—Here an old man, dropping with fatigue, lay down to die—there a woman with a new-born infant sunk perishing on the snow, while her husband hung over them in all the horror of despair.

Os. O, what a scene! Poor creatures! What became of them at last?

F. Such of them as did not perish on the road, got to the neighbouring towns, where they were received with

all the hospitality that such calamitous times would afford; but they were beggared for life. Meantime their country for many a league round displayed no other sight than that of black smoking ruins in the midst of silence and desolation.

Os. I hope, however, that such things do not often happen in war.

F. Not often, perhaps, to the same extent: but in some degree they must take place in every war. A village which would afford a favourable post to the enemy is always burnt without hesitation. A country which can no longer be maintained, is cleared of all its provision and forage before it is abandoned, lest the enemy should have the advantage of them; and the poor inhabitants are left to subsist as they can. Crops of corn are trampled down by armies in their march, or devoured while green as fodder for their horses. Pillage, rob-

bery, and murder, are always going on in the outskirts of the best disciplined camp. Then consider what must happen in every siege. On the first approach of the enemy, all the buildings in the suburbs of a town are demolished, and all the trees in gardens and public walks are cut down, lest they should afford shelter to the besiegers. As the siege goes on, bombs, hot balls, and cannon-shot, are continually flying about ; by which the greatest part of a town is ruined or laid in ashes, and many of the innocent people killed or maimed. If the resistance is obstinate, famine and pestilence are sure to take place ; and if the garrison holds out to the last, and the town is taken by storm, it is generally given up to be pillaged by the enraged and licentious soldiery.

It would be easy to bring too many examples of cruelty exercised upon a conquered country, even in very late

times, when war is said to be carried on with so much humanity ; but, indeed, how can it be otherwise ? The art of war is essentially that of destruction, and it is impossible there should be a mild and merciful way of murdering and ruining one's fellow-creatures. Soldiers, as men, are often humane ; but war must ever be cruel. Though Homer has filled his Iliad with the exploits of fighting heroes, yet he makes Jupiter address Mars, the God of War, in terms of the utmost abhorrence.

Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes ;
In human discord is thy dire delight,
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight :
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells.

PAPA.

Os. Surely as war is so bad a thing, there might be some way of preventing it.

F. Alas ! I fear mankind have been too long accustomed to it, and it is too agreeable to their bad passions, - easily to be laid aside, whatever miseries it may bring upon them. But in the mean time let us correct our own ideas of the matter, and no longer lavish admiration upon such a pest of the human race as a *Conqueror*, how brilliant soever his qualities may be ; nor ever think that a profession which binds a man to be the servile instrument of cruelty and injustice, is an *honourable* calling.

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

THE CRUCIFORM-FLOWERED PLANTS.

Tutor—George—Harry.

George. How rich yon field looks with its yellow flowers! I wonder what they can be.

Tutor. Suppose you go and see if you can find it out; and bring a stalk of the flowers with you.

G. (returning.) I know now—they are turnips.

T. I thought you could make it out when you came near them. These turnips are left to seed, which is the reason why you see them run to flower. Commonly they are pulled up sooner.

Harry. I should not have thought a turnip had so sweet a flower.

G. I think I have smelt others like

them. Pray, Sir, what class of plants do they belong to?

T. To a very numerous one, with which it is worth your while to get acquainted. Let us sit down and examine them. The petal, you observe, consists of four flat leaves set opposite to each other, or cross-wise. From this circumstance the flowers have been called *cruciform*. As most plants with flowers of this kind bear their seeds in pods, they have likewise been called the *siliquose* plants, *siliqua* being the Latin for a pod.

G. But the papilionaceous flowers bear pods too.

T. True; and therefore the name is not a good one. Now pull off the petals one by one. You see they are fastened by long claws within the flower-cup. Now count the chives.

H. There are six.

G. But they are not all of the same

length—two are much shorter than the rest.

T. Well observed. It is from this that Linnæus has formed a particular class for the whole tribe, which he calls *tetradynamia*, a word implying *four powers*, or the *power of four*, as if the four longer chives were more perfect and efficacious than the two shorter; which, however, we do not know to be the case. This superior length of four chives is conspicuous in most plants of this tribe, but not in all. They have, however, other resemblances which are sufficient to constitute them a natural family; and accordingly all botanists have made them such.

The flowers, as I have said, have in all of them four petals placed cross-wise. The calyx also consists of four oblong and hollow leaves. There is a single pistil, standing upon a seed-bud, which turns either into a long

pod, or a short round one called a pouch ; and hence are formed the two great branches of the family, the podded and the pouched. The seed-vessel has two valves, or external openings, with a partition between. The seeds are small and roundish, attached alternately to both sutures or joinings of the valves.

Do you observe all these circumstances ?

G. and H. We do.

T. You shall examine them more minutely in a larger plant of the kind. Further, almost all of these plants have somewhat of a biting taste, and also a disagreeable smell in their leaves, especially when decayed. A turnip-field, you know, smells but indifferently ; and cabbage, which is one of this class, is apt to be remarkably offensive.

H. Yes—there is nothing worse than rotten cabbage-leaves.

G. And the very water in which they

are boiled is enough to scent a whole house.

T. The flowers, however, of almost all the family are fragrant, and some remarkably so. What do you think of wall-flowers and stocks?

H. What, are they of this kind?

T. Yes—and so is candy-tuft, and rocket.

H. Then they are not to be despised.

T. No—and especially as not one of the whole class, I believe, is poisonous; but, on the contrary, many of them afford good food for man and beast. Shall I tell you about the principal of them?

G. Pray do, Sir.

T. The pungency of taste which so many of them possess, has caused them to be used for salad herbs. Thus we have cress, water-cress, and mustard; to which might be added many

more which grow wild, as lady-smock, wild-rocket, hedge-mustard, and jack by the hedge, or sauce-alone. Mustard, you know, is also greatly used for its seeds, the powder or flour of which made into a sort of paste with salt and water, is eaten with many kinds of meat. Rape-seeds are very similar to them, and from both an oil is pressed out, of the mild or tasteless kind, as it is likewise from cole-seed, another product of this class. Scurvy-grass, which is a pungent plant of this family, growing by the sea-side, has obtained its name from being a remedy for the scurvy. Then there is horse-radish, with the root of which I am sure you are well acquainted, as a companion to roast-beef. Common radish, too, is a plant of this kind, which has a good deal of pungency. One sort of it has a root like a turnip, which brings it near in quality to the turnip itself.

This last plant, though affording a sweet and mild nutriment, has naturally a degree of pungency and rankness.

G. That, I suppose, is the reason why turnipy milk and butter have such a strong taste.

T. It is.

H. Then why do they feed cows with it?

T. In this case, as in many others, quality is sacrificed to quantity. But the better use of turnips to the farmer is to fatten sheep and cattle. By its assistance he is enabled to keep many more of these animals than he could find grass or hay for; and the culture of turnips prepares his land for grain as well, or better, than could be done by letting it lie quite fallow. The turnip-husbandry, as it is called, is one of the capital modern improvements of agriculture.

G. I think I have heard that Norfolk is famous for it.

T. It is so. That county abounds in light sandy lands, which are peculiarly suitable to turnips. But they are now grown in many parts of the kingdom besides. Well—but we must say somewhat more about cabbage, an article of food of very long standing. The original species of this is a sea-side plant, but cultivation has produced a great number of varieties well known in our gardens, as white and red cabbage, kale, colewort, broccoli, borecole, and cauliflower.

H. But the flower of cauliflower does not seem at all like that of cabbage or turnip.

T. The white head, called its flower, is not properly so, but consists of a cluster of imperfect buds. If they are left to grow for seed, they throw out some spikes of yellow flowers like common cabbage. Broccoli heads are of the same kind. As to the head of

white or red cabbage, it consists of a vast number of leaves closing round each other, by which the innermost are prevented from expanding, and remain white on account of the exclusion of the light and air. This part, you know, is most valued for food. In some countries they cut cabbage heads into quarters, and make them undergo a kind of acid fermentation ; after which they are salted and preserved for winter food under the name of sour krout.

G. Cattle, too, are sometimes fed with cabbage, I believe.

T. Yes, and large fields of them are cultivated for that purpose. They succeed best in stiff clayey soils, where they sometimes grow to an enormous bigness. They are given to milch kine as well as to fattening cattle.

G. Do not they give a bad taste to the milk ?

T. They are apt to do so unless great

care is taken to pick off all the decayed leaves.

Coleworts, which are a smaller sort of cabbage, are sometimes grown for feeding sheep and cattle. I think I have now mentioned most of the useful plants of this family, which you see are numerous and important. They both yield beef and mutton, and the sauce to them. But many of the species are troublesome weeds. You see how yonder corn is overrun with yellow flowers.

G. Yes: they are as thick as if they had been sown.

T. They are of this family, and called charlock, or wild mustard, or corn kale, which, indeed, are not all exactly the same things, though nearly resembling. These produce such plenty of seeds, that it is very difficult to clear a field of them, if once they are suffered to grow till the seeds ripen.

An extremely common weed in gardens and by road-sides is shepherd's-purse, which is a very good specimen of the pouch-bearing plants of this tribe, its seed-vessels being exactly the figure of a heart. Ladysmock is often so abundant a weed in wet meadows as to make them all over white with their flowers. Some call this plant cuckoo flower, because its flowering is about the same time with the first appearance of that bird in the spring.

G. I remember some pretty lines in a song about spring, in which lady-smock is mentioned:—

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And ladysmocks all silver white;
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

F. They are Shakespear's. You see he gives the name of cuckoo-bud to some other flower, a yellow one,

which appears at the same season. But still earlier than this time, walls and hedgebanks are enlivened by a very small white flower, called whitlow-grass, which is one of the tribe.

H. Is it easy to distinguish the plants of this family from one another?

T. Not very easy ; for the general similarity of the flowers is so great, that little distinction can be drawn from them. The marks of the species are chiefly taken from the form and manner of growth of the seed vessel, and we will examine some of them by the descriptions in a book of botany. There is one very remarkable seed vessel, which probably you have observed in the garden. It is a perfectly round large flat pouch, which after it has shed its seed, remains on the stalk and looks like a thin white bladder. The plant bearing it is commonly called honesty.

H. O, I know it very well. It is put into winter flower-pots.

T. True. So much, then, for the tetradynamious or cruciform-flowered plants. You cannot well mistake them for any other class, if you remark the six chives, four of them, generally, but not always, longer than the two others; the single pistil changing either into a long pod or a round pouch containing the seeds; the four opposite petals of the flower, and four leaves of the calyx. You may safely make a salad of the young leaves wherever you find them: the worst they can do to you is to bite your tongue.

GENEROUS REVENGE.

AT the period when the republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, *Uberto*, a

terms in which he conveyed it. “ You (said he)—you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa—you, by their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprung.”

Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court ; yet stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to *Adorno*, “ that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own.” He then made his obeisance and retired ; and after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

He collected some debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipe-

lago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa ; and his reputation for honour and generosity equalled his fortune.

Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa. As *Uberto* was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country house, he saw a young christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention. The youth seemed oppressed with labour, to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed, and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and

a tear stole down his cheek. *Uberto* eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue, and replying to his enquiries, informed him he was a Genoese. "And what is your name, young man? (said *Uberto*.) You need not be afraid of confessing to me your birth and condition."

"Alas! (he answered) I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is indeed one of the first men in Genoa. His name is *Adorno*, and I am his only son."

"*Adorno!*" *Uberto* checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he cried, "Thank Heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged."

He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to enquire after the corsair captain who claimed a right in young *Adorno*, and having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He

learned that he was considered as a captive of value, and that less than two thousand crowns would not be accepted.

Uberto paid the sum ; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse and a complete suit of handsome apparel, he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him he was free. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of *Uberto*.

After a stay of some days at Tunis to dispatch the remainder of his business, *Uberto* departed homewards, accompanied by young *Adorno*, who by his pleasing manners had highly ingratiated

himself with him. *Uberto* kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him :

“ My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Deign to accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. He probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you,

and I will hope you will not forget me.” *Adorno* poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

The young man had a prosperous voyage home; and the transport with which he was again beheld by his almost heart-broken parents may more easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis (for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered at sea), “And to whom, (said old *Adorno*) am I indebted for the inestimable benefit of restoring you to my arms?” “This letter (said his son) will inform you.” He opened it, and read as follows:

“That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know, proud

noble ! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is

The banished Uberto."

Adorno dropped the letter and covered his face with his hand, while his son was displaying in the warmest language of gratitude the virtues of *Uberto*, and the truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, *Adorno* resolved if possible to repay it. He made such powerful intercessions with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on *Uberto* was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoa. In apprising him of this event, *Adorno* expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. *Uberto* returned to his country, and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow citizens.

TRUE HEROISM.

You have read, my Edmund, the stories of Achilles, and Alexander, and Charles of Sweden, and have, I doubt not, admired the high courage which seemed to set them above all sensations of fear, and rendered them capable of the most extraordinary actions. The world calls these men *heroes* ; but before we give them that noble appellation, let us consider what were the motives which animated them to act and suffer as they did.

The first was a ferocious savage, governed by the passions of anger and revenge, in gratifying which he disregarded all impulses of duty and humanity. The second was intoxicated with the love of glory—swoln with absurd pride—and enslaved by dissolute pleasures ; and in pursuit of these ob-

jects he reckoned the blood of millions as of no account. The third was unfeeling, obstinate, and tyrannical, and preferred ruining his country, and sacrificing all his faithful followers, to the humiliation of giving up any of his mad projects. *Self*, you see, was the spring of all their conduct; and a selfish man can never be a hero. I will give you two examples of genuine heroism, one shown in acting, the other in suffering; and these shall be *true stories*, which is perhaps more than can be said of half that is recorded of Achilles and Alexander.

You have probably heard something of Mr. Howard, the reformer of prisons, to whom a monument is erected in St. Paul's church. His whole life almost was heroism; for he confronted all sorts of dangers with the sole view of relieving the miseries of his fellow-creatures. When he began to examine the state of prisons, scarcely any in the

country was free from a very fatal and infectious distemper, called the gaol-fever. Wherever he heard of it, he made a point of seeing the poor sufferers, and often went down into their dungeons, when the keepers themselves would not accompany him. He travelled several times over almost the whole of Europe, and even into Asia, in order to gain knowledge of the state of prisons and hospitals, and point out means for lessening the calamities that prevail in them. He even went into countries where the plague was, that he might learn the best methods of treating that terrible contagious disease; and he voluntarily exposed himself to perform a strict quarantine, as one suspected of having the infection of the plague, only that he might be thoroughly acquainted with the methods used for prevention. He at length died of a fever caught in attending on the sick on the borders

of Crim Tartary, honoured and admired by all Europe, after having greatly contributed to enlighten his own and many other countries with respect to some of the most important objects of humanity. Such was *Howard the Good*; as great a hero in preserving mankind, as some of the false heroes above mentioned were in destroying them.

My second hero is a much humbler, but not less genuine one.

There was a journeyman bricklayer in this town—an able workman, but a very drunken idle fellow, who spent at the alehouse almost all he earned, and left his wife and children to shift for themselves as they could. This is, unfortunately, a common case; and of all the tyranny and cruelty exercised in the world, I believe that of bad husbands and fathers is by much the most frequent and the worst.

The family might have starved, but

for 'his eldest son, 'whom 'from a child the father brought up to help him in his work ; and who was so industrious and attentive, that being now at the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was able to earn pretty good wages, every farthing of which, that he could keep out of his father's hands, he brought to his mother. And when his brute of a father came home drunk, cursing and swearing, and in such an ill humour, that his mother and the rest of the children durst not come near him for fear of a beating, this good lad (*Tom* was his name) kept near him, to pacify him, and get him quietly to bed. His mother, therefore, justly looked upon *Tom* as the support of the family, and loved him dearly.

It chanced that one day, *Tom*, in climbing up a high ladder with a load of mortar on his head, missed his hold, and fell down to the bottom on a heap

of bricks and rubbish. The by-standers ran up to him, and found him all bloody, and with his thigh broken and bent quite under him. They raised him up, and sprinkled water on his face to recover him from a swoon into which he had fallen. As soon as he could speak, looking round, with a lamentable tone he cried, "O, what will become of my poor mother!"

He was carried home. I was present while the surgeon set his thigh. His mother was hanging over him half distracted: "Don't cry, mother! (said he) I shall get well again in time." Not a word more, or a groan, escaped him while the operation lasted.

Tom was a ragged boy that could not read or write—yet *Tom* has always stood on my list of heroes.

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

THE COLONISTS.

COME, said Mr. *Barlow* to his boys, I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony ; and you shall be people of different trades and professions coming to offer yourselves to go with me. What are you, *A*?

A. I am a farmer, Sir.

Mr. B. Very well ! Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon, so we cannot have too much of it. But you must be a working farmer, not a gentleman farmer. Labourers will be scarce among us, and every man must put his own hand to the plough. There will be woods to clear, and marshes to drain, and a great deal of stubborn work to do.

A. I shall be ready to do my part, Sir.

Mr. B. Well, then, I shall entertain you willingly, and as many more of your profession as you can bring. You shall have land enough, and utensils; and you may fall to work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

B. I am a miller, Sir.

Mr. B. A very useful trade! The corn we grow must be ground, or it will do us little good. But what will you do for a mill, my friend?

B. I suppose we must make one, Sir.

Mr. B. True; but then you must bring with you a mill-wright for the purpose. As for mill-stones, we will take them out with us. Who is next?

C. I am a carpenter, Sir.

Mr. B. The most necessary man that could offer! We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to build, fences to make,

and all kinds of wooden furniture to provide. But our timber is all growing. You will have a deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and sawing planks, and shaping posts and the like. You must be a field carpenter as well as a house carpenter.

C. I will, Sir.

Mr. B. Very well; then I engage you, but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you.

D. I am a blacksmith, Sir.

Mr. B. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you; so you may bring your great bellows and anvil, and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. But, by the by, we shall want a mason for that purpose.

E. I am one, Sir.

Mr. B. That's well. Though we may live in log-houses at first, we shall want brick or stone work for chimneys,

and hearths, and ovens ; so there will be employment for a mason. But if you can make bricks and burn lime too, you will be still more useful.

E. I will try what I can do, Sir.

Mr. B. No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next ?

F. I am a shoemaker, Sir.

Mr. B. And shoes we cannot well do without. But can you make them, like Eumæus in the *Odyssey*, out of a raw hide ? for I fear we shall get no leather.

F. But I can dress hides, too.

Mr. B. Can you ? Then you are a clever fellow, and I will have you, though I give you double wages.

G. I am a tailor, Sir.

Mr. B. Well—Though it will be some time before we want holiday suits, yet we must not go naked ; so there will be work for the tailor. But you are not above mending and betching,

I hope, for we must not mind patched clothes while we work in the woods.

G. I am not, Sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you too.

H. I am a weaver, Sir.

Mr. B. Weaving is a very useful art, but I question if we can find room for it in our colony for the present. We shall not grow either hemp or flax for some time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

J. I am a silversmith and jeweller, Sir.

Mr. B. Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in. You will break us, or we shall starve you.

J. But I understand clock and watch-making, too.

Mr. B. That is somewhat more to our purpose, for we shall want to know how time goes. But I doubt we can

not give you sufficient encouragement for a long while to come. For the present you had better stay where you are.

K. I am a barber and hair-dresser, Sir.

Mr. B. Alas! what can we do with you? If you will shave our men's rough beards once a week, and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter, or follow the plough the rest of your time, we shall reward you accordingly. But you will have no ladies and gentlemen to dress for a ball, or wigs to curl and powder for Sundays, I assure you. Your trade will not stand by itself with us for a great while to come.

L. I am a medical man, Sir.

Mr. B. Then, Sir, you are very welcome. Health is the first of blessings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man indeed. But I hope you understand surgery as well as physic, for we are likely enough to get cuts and bruises, and broken bones occasionally.

L. I have had experience in that branch too, Sir.

Mr. B. And if you understand the nature of plants, and their uses both in medicine and diet, it will be a great addition to your usefulness.

L. Botany has been a favourite study with me, Sir ; and I have some knowledge of chemistry, and the other parts of natural history, too.

Mr. B. Then you will be a treasure to us, Sir, and I shall be happy to make it worth your while to go with us.

M. I, Sir, am a lawyer.

Mr. B. Sir, your most obedient servant. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

N. I am a schoolmaster, Sir.

Mr. B. That is a profession which I am sure I do not mean to undervalue ; and as soon as ever we have young folks

in our colony, we shall be glad of your services. Though we are, to be hard-working plain people, we do not intend to be ignorant, and we shall make it a point to have every one taught reading and writing, at least. In the mean time, till we have employment enough for you in teaching, you may keep the accounts and records of the colony: and on Sunday you may read prayers to all those that choose to attend upon you.

N. With all my heart, Sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you. Who comes here with so bold an air?

O. I am a soldier, Sir; will you have me?

Mr. B. We are peaceable people, and I hope shall have no occasion to fight. We mean honestly to purchase our land from the natives, and to be just and fair in all our dealings with them. William Pann, the founder of

Pennsylvania, followed that plan; and when the Indians were at war with all the other European settlers, a person in a quaker's habit might pass through all their most ferocious tribes without the least injury. It is my intention, however, to make all my colonists soldiers, so far as to be able to defend themselves if attacked, and that being the case, we shall have no need of soldiers by trade.

P. I am a gentleman, Sir; and I have a great desire to accompany you, because I hear game is very plentiful in that country.

Mr. B. A gentleman! And what good will you do us, Sir?

P. O, Sir, that is not at all my intention. I only mean to amuse myself.

Mr. B. But do you mean, Sir, that we should pay for your amusement?

P. As to maintenance, I expect to be able to kill game enough for my

own eating, with a little bread and garden stuff, which you will give me. Then I will be content with a house somewhat better than the common ones; and your barber shall be my valet; so I shall give very little trouble.

Mr. B. And pray, Sir, what inducement can we have for doing all this for you?

P. Why, Sir, you will have the credit of having *one gentleman* at least in your colony.

Mr. B. Ha, ha, ha! A facetious gentleman truly! Well, Sir, when we are ambitious of such a distinction, we will send for you.

THE TRAVELLED ANT.

THERE was a garden enclosed with high brick walls, and laid out somewhat in the old fashion. Under the walls were wide beds planted with flowers, garden stuff, and fruit trees. Next to them was a broad gravel walk running round the garden; and the middle was laid out in grass plots, and beds of flowers and shrubs, with a fish-pond in the centre.

Near the root of one of the wall fruit trees, a numerous colony of ants was established, which had extended its subterraneous works over great part of the bed in its neighbourhood. One day, two of the inhabitants meeting in a gallery under ground, fell into the following conversation.

Ha! my friend (said the first), is it

you? I am glad to see you. Where have you been this long time? All your acquaintance have been in pain about you, lest some accident should have befallen you.

Why (replied the other), I am indeed a sort of stranger, for you must know I am but just returned from a long journey.

A journey! whither, pray, and on what account?

A tour of mere curiosity. I had long felt dissatisfied with knowing so little about this world of ours; so, at length I took a resolution to explore it. And I may now boast that I have gone round its utmost extremities, and that no considerable part of it has escaped my researches.

Wonderful! What a traveller you have been, and what sights you must have seen!

Why, yes—I have seen more than

most ants, to be sure ; but it has been at the expense of so much toil and danger, that I know not whether it was worth the pains.

Would you oblige me with some account of your adventures ?

Willingly. I set out, then, early one sunshiny morning ; and, after crossing our territory and the line of plantation by which it is bordered, I came upon a wide open plain, where as far as the eye could reach, not a single green thing was to be descried, but the hard soil was every where covered with huge stones, which made travelling equally painful to the eye and the feet. As I was toiling onwards, I heard a rumbling noise behind me, which became louder and louder. I looked back, and with the utmost horror beheld a prodigious rolling mountain approaching me so fast that it was impossible to get out of the way. I threw myself flat on the ground

behind a stone, and lay expecting nothing but present death. The mountain soon passed over me, and I continued (I know not how long) in a state of insensibility. When I recovered, I began to stretch my limbs one by one, and to my surprise found myself not in the least injured! but the stone beside me was almost buried in the earth by the crash!

What an escape!

A wonderful one, indeed. I journeyed on over the desert, and at length came to the end of it, and entered upon a wide green tract consisting chiefly of tall, narrow, pointed leaves, which grew so thick and entangled, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could make my way between them; and I should continually have lost my road, had I not taken care to keep the sun in view before me. When I had got near the middle of this region, I was

startled with the sight of a huge four-legged monster, with a yellow speckled skin, which took a flying leap directly over me. Somewhat further, before I was aware, I ran upon one of those long, round, crawling creatures, without head, tail, or legs, which we sometimes meet with under ground, near our settlement. As soon as he felt me upon him, he drew back into his hole so swiftly, that he was near drawing me in along with him. However, I jumped off, and proceeded on my way.

With much labour I got at last to the end of this perplexed tract, and came to an open space like that in which we live, in the midst of which grew trees so tall that I could not see to their tops. Being hungry, I climbed up the first I came to, in expectation of finding some fruit; but after a weary search I returned empty. I tried several others with no better suc-

ness. There were, indeed, leaves and flowers in plenty, but nothing of which I could make a meal; so that I might have been famished, had I not found some sour harsh berries upon the ground, on which I made a poor repast. While I was doing this, a greater danger than any of the former befel me. One of those two-legged feathered creatures which we often see to our cost, jumped down from a bough, and picked up in his enormous beak the very berry on which I was standing. Luckily he did not swallow it immediately, but flew up again with it to the tree; and in the meantime I disengaged myself, and fell from a vast height to the ground, but received no hurt.

I crossed this plantation, and came to another entangled green like the first. After I had laboured through it, I came on a sudden to the side of a vast glittering plain, the nature of which I could

not possibly guess at. I walked along a fallen leaf which lay on the side, and coming to the farther edge of it, I was greatly surprised to see another ant coming from below to meet me. I advanced to give him a fraternal embrace, but instead of what I expected, I met a cold yielding matter, in which I should have sunk, had I not speedily turned about, and caught hold of the leaf, by which I drew myself up again. And now I found this great plain to consist of that fluid which sometimes falls from the sky, and causes us so much trouble by filling our holes.

As I stood considering how to proceed on my journey, a gentle breeze arose, which, before I was aware, carried the leaf I was upon away from the solid land into this yielding fluid, which, however, bore it up, and me along with it. At first, I was greatly alarmed; and ran round and round my

leaf in order to find some way of getting back ; but perceiving this to be impracticable, I resigned myself to my fate, and even began to take some pleasure in the easy motion by which I was borne forwards. But what new and wonderful forms of living creatures did I see inhabiting this liquid land ! Bodies of prodigious bulk, covered with shining scales of various colours, shot by me with vast rapidity, and sported a thousand ways. They had large heads, and staring eyes, tremendous wide mouths, but no legs ; and they seemed to be carried on by the action of somewhat like small wings planted on various parts of the body, and especially at the end of the tail, which continually waved about. Other smaller creatures, of a great variety of extraordinary forms, were moving through the clear fluid, or resting upon its surface ; and I saw with terror numbers

of them continually seized and swallowed by the larger ones before mentioned.

When I had got near the middle, the smooth surface of this plain was all roughened, and moved up and down, so as to toss about my leaf, and nearly over-set it. I trembled to think what would become of me, should I be thrown amidst all these terrible monsters. At last, however, I got safe to the other side, and with joy set my feet on dry land again. I ascended a gentle green slope, which led to a tall plantation like that I had before passed through. Another green plain, and another stony desert succeeded; which brought me at length to the opposite boundary of our world, enclosed by the same immense mound rising to the heavens, which limits us on this side.

Here I fell in with another nation of our species differing little in way of

life from ourselves. They invited me to their settlement, and entertained me hospitably, and I accompanied them in several excursions in the neighbourhood. There was a charming fruit tree at no great distance, to which we made frequent visits. One day as I was regaling deliciously on the heart of a green-gage plum, I felt myself on a sudden carried along with great swiftness, till I got into a dark place, where a horrid crash threw me upon a soft moist piece of flesh, whence I was soon driven forth in a torrent of wind and moisture, and found myself on the ground all covered with slime. I disengaged myself with difficulty, and looking up, descried one of those enormous two legged animals, which often shake the ground over our heads, and put us into terror.

My new friends now began to hint to me that it was time to depart, for you know we are not fond of naturalizing

strangers. And lucky, indeed, it was for me that I received the hint when I did; for I had but just left the place, and was travelling over a neighbouring eminence, when I heard behind me a tremendous noise; and looking back, I saw the whole of their settlement blown into the air with a prodigious explosion of fire and smoke. Numbers of half-burnt bodies, together with the ruins of their habitations, were thrown to a vast distance around; and such a suffocating vapour arose, that I lay for some time deprived of sense and motion. From some of the wretched fugitives I learned that the disaster was attributed to subterranean fire bursting its way to the surface: the cause of which, however, was supposed to be connected with the machinations of that malignant two-legged monster, from whose jaws I had so narrowly escaped, who had been observed just before the explosion to pour through

the holes leading to the great apartment of the settlement, a number of black shining grains.

On my return from this remote country, I kept along the boundary wall, which I knew by observation must at length bring me back to my own home. I met with several wandering tribes of our species in my road, and frequently joined their foraging parties in search of food. One day, a company of us, allured by the smell of somewhat sweet, climbed up some lofty pillars, on which was placed a vast round edifice, having only one entrance. At this were continually coming in and going out those winged animals, somewhat like ourselves in form, but many times bigger, and armed with a dreadful sting, which we so often meet with sipping the juices of flowers; but whether they were the architects of this great mansion, or it was built for them by some benefi-

cent being of greater powers; I am unable to decide. It seemed, however, to be the place where they deposited what they so industriously collect; for they were perpetually arriving loaded with a fragrant substance, which they carried in, and they returned empty. We had a great desire to enter with them; but were deterred by their formidable appearance, and a kind of angry hum which continually proceeded from the house. At length two or three of the boldest of our party, watching a time when the entrance was pretty free, ventured to go in; but we soon saw them driven out in great haste, and trampled down and massacred just at the gate-way. The rest of us made a speedy retreat.

Two more adventures which happened to me, had very nearly prevented my return to my own country. Having one evening, together with a companion, taken up my quarters in an empty snail-

shell, there came on such a shower of rain in the night, that the shell was presently filled. I awaked just suffocated ; but luckily having my head turned towards the mouth of the shell, I rose to the top, and made a shift to crawl to a dry place. My companion, who had got further into the shell, never rose again.

Not long after, as I was travelling under the wall, I descried a curious pit, with a circular orifice, gradually growing narrower to the bottom. On coming close to the brink in order to survey it, the edge, which was of fine sand, gave way, and I slid down the pit. As soon as I had reached the bottom, a creature with a huge pair of horns and dreadful claws made his appearance from beneath the sand, and attempted to seize me. I flew back, and ran up the side of the pit ; when he threw over me such a shower of sand as blinded me,

and had like to have brought me down again. However, by exerting all my strength, I got out of his reach, and did not cease running till I was at a considerable distance. I was afterwards informed that this was the den of an ant-lion, a terrible foe of our species, which, not equalling us in speed, is obliged to make use of this crafty device to entrap his heedless prey.

This was the last of my perils. To my great joy, I reached my native place last night, where I mean to stay content for the future. I do not know how far I have benefited from my travels, but one important conclusion I have drawn from them.

What is that? (said his friend).

Why, you know it is the current opinion with us, that every thing in this world was made for our use. Now, I have seen such vast tracts not at all fit for our residence, and peopled with

creatures so much larger and stronger than ourselves, that I cannot help being convinced that the Creator had in view their accommodation as well as ours, in making this world.

I confess this seems probable enough; but you had better keep your opinion to yourself.

Why so?

You know we ants are a vain race, and make high pretensions to wisdom as well as antiquity. We shall be affronted with any attempts to lessen our importance in our own eyes.

But there is no wisdom in being deceived.

Well—do as you think proper. Meantime, farewell, and thanks for the entertainment you have given me.

Farewell!

SHOW AND USE;

OR,

THE TWO PRESENTS.

ONE morning, Lord Richmore, coming down to breakfast, was welcomed with the tidings that his favourite mare Miss Slim, had brought a foal, and also, that a she-ass, kept for his lady's use as a milker, had dropped a young one. His lordship smiled at the inequality of the presents nature had made him. "As for the foal (said he to the groom), that, you know, has been long promised to my neighbour Mr. Scamper. For young Balaam, you may dispose of him as you please." The groom thanked his lordship, and said he would then give him to Isaac the woodman.

In due time, Miss Slim's foal, which was the son of a noted racer, was taken

to Squire Scamper's, who received him with great delight, and out of compliment to the donor, named him *Young Peer*. He was brought up with at least as much care and tenderness as the Squire's own children—kept in a warm stable, fed with the best of corn and hay, duly dressed and regularly exercised. As he grew up, he gave tokens of great beauty. His colour was bright bay, with a white star on his forehead; his coat was fine, and shone like silk; and every point about him seemed to promise perfection of shape and make. Every body admired him as the completest colt that could be seen.

So fine a creature could not be destined to any useful employment. After he had passed his third year, he was sent to Newmarket to be trained for the turf, and a groom was appointed to the care of him alone. His master, who could not well afford the expense, saved part

of it by turning off a domestic tutor whom he kept for the education of his sons, and was content with sending them to the curate of the parish.

At four years old, Young Peer started for a subscription purse, and came in second out of a number of competitors. Soon after, he won a country plate, and filled his master with joy and triumph. The Squire now turned all his attention to the turf, made matches, betted high, and was at first tolerably successful. At length having ventured all the money he could raise upon one grand match, Young Peer ran on the wrong side of the post, was distanced, and the Squire ruined.

Meantime young Balaam went into Isaac's possession, where he had a very different training. He was left to pick up his living as he could in the lanes and commons; and on the coldest days in winter he had no other shelter than

the lee-side of the cottage, out of which he was often glad to pluck the thatch for a subsistence. As soon as ever he was able to bear a rider, Isaac's children got upon him, sometimes two or three at once; and if he did not go to their mind, a broomstick or bunch of furze was freely applied to his hide. Nevertheless he grew up, as the children themselves did, strong and healthy; and though he was rather bare on the ribs, his shape was good, and his limbs vigorous.

It was not long before his master thought of putting him to some use; so taking him to the wood, he fastened a load of faggots on his back, and sent him with his son Tom to the next town. Tom sold the faggots, and mounting upon Balaam, rode him home. As Isaac could get plenty of faggots and chips, he found it a profitable trade to send them for daily sale upon Balaam's back. Having a little garden, which

from the barrenness of the soil yielded him nothing of value, he bethought him of loading Balaam back from town with dung for manure. Though all he could bring at once was contained in two small panniers, yet this in time amounted to enough to mend the soil of his whole garden, so that he grew very good cabbages and potatoes, to the great relief of his family. Isaac being now sensible of the value of his ass, began to treat him with more attention. He got a small stack of rushy hay for his winter fodder, and with his own hands built him a little shed of boughs and mud, in order to shelter him from the bad weather. He would not suffer any of his family to use Balaam ill, and after his daily journeys he was allowed to ramble at pleasure. He was now and then cleaned and dressed, and upon the whole, made a reputable figure. Isaac took in more land from the waste, so

that by degrees he became a little farmer, and kept a horse and cart, a cow and two or three pigs. This made him quite a rich man, but he had always the gratitude to impute his prosperity to the good services of Balaam, the groom's present; while the squire cursed Young Peer as the cause of his ruin, and many a time wished that his lordship had kept his dainty gift to himself.

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

HUMBLE LIFE;

OR,

THE COTTAGERS.

Mr. Everard—

(*Walking in the fields.*)

Mr. E. WELL, Charles, you seem to be in deep meditation. Pray what are you thinking about?

Ch. I was thinking, Sir, how happy it is for us that we are not in the place of that poor weaver whose cottage we just passed by us.

Mr. E. It is very right to be sensible of all the advantages that Providence has bestowed upon us in this world, and I commend you for reflecting on them with gratitude. But what particular circumstance of comparison between our condition and his struck you most just now?

Ch. O, almost every thing ! I could not bear to live in such a poor house, with a cold clay floor, and half the windows stopped with paper. Then how poorly he and his children are dressed ! and I dare say they must live as poorly too.

Mr. E. These things would be grievous enough to you, I do not doubt, because you have been accustomed to a very different way of living. But if they are healthy and contented, I don't know that we have much more to boast of. I believe the man is able to procure wholesome food for his family, and clothes and firing enough to keep them from suffering from the cold ; and nature wants little more.

Ch. But, what a ragged barefooted fellow the boy at the door was.

Mr. E. He was—but did you observe his ruddy cheeks, and his stout legs, and the smiling grin upon his

countenance? It is my opinion he would beat you in running, though he is half the head less ; and I dare say he never cried because he did not know what to do with himself, in his life.

Ch. But, Sir, you have often told me that the mind is the noblest part of man ; and these poor creatures, I am sure, can have no opportunity to improve their minds. They must be as ignorant as the brutes, almost.

Mr. E. Why so? Do you think there is no knowledge to be got but from books ; or that a weaver cannot teach his children right from wrong?

Ch. Not if he has never learned himself.

Mr. E. True—but I hope the country we live in is not so unfriendly to a poor man as to afford him no opportunity of learning his duty to God and his neighbour. And as to other points of knowledge, necessity and common observa-

tion, will teach him a good deal. But come—let us go and pay them a visit, for I doubt you hardly think them human creatures.

[They enter the cottage—Jacob, the weaver, at his loom. His wife spinning. Children of different ages.]

Mr. E. Good morning to you, friend! Don't let us disturb you all, pray. We have just stept in to look at your work.

Jacob. I have very little to show you, gentlemen; but you are welcome to look on. Perhaps the young gentleman never saw weaving before.

Ch. I never did, near.

Jac. Look here, then, master. These long threads are the warp. They are divided, you see, into two sets, and I pass my shuttle between them, which carries with it the cross threads, and that makes the weft. *(Explains the whole to him.)*

Ch. Dear! how curious! and is all cloth made this way, papa?

Mr. E. Yes; only there are somewhat different contrivances for different kinds of work. Well, how soon do you think you could learn to weave like this honest man?

Ch. O—not for a great while!

Mr. E. But I suppose you could easily turn the wheel, and draw out threads like that good woman.

Ch. Not without some practice, I fancy. But what is that boy doing?

Jac. He is cutting pegs for the shoemakers, master.

Ch. How quick he does them!

Jac. It is but poor employment, but better than being idle. The first lesson I teach my children is that their hands were made to get their bread with.

Mr. E. And a very good lesson, too.

Ch. What is this heap of twigs for?

Jac. Why, master, my biggest boy and girl have learned a little how to

make basket-work, so I have got them a few osiers to employ them at leisure hours. That bird-cage is their making ; and the back of that chair in which their grandmother sits.

Ch. Is not that cleverly done, papa ?

Mr. E. It is indeed. Here are several arts, you see, in this house, which both you and I should be much puzzled to set about. But there are some books too, I perceive.

Ch. Here is a Bible, and a Testament, and a Prayer-book, and a Spelling-book, and a volume of the Gardener's Dictionary.

Mr. E. And how many of your family can read, my friend ?

Jac. All the children but the two youngest can read a little, Sir ; but Meg, there, is the best scholar among us. She reads us a chapter in the Testament every morning, and very well too, though I say it.

Mr. E. Do you hear that, Charles ?

Ch. I do, Sir. Here's an almanack, too, against the wall : and here are my favourite ballads of the Children in the Wood, and Chevy-Chase.

Jac. I let the children paste them up, Sir, and a few more that have no harm in them. There's Hearts of Oak, and Rule Britannia, and Robin Gray.

Mr. E. A very good choice, indeed. I see you have a pretty garden there behind the house.

Jac. It is only a little spot, Sir ; but it serves for some amusement, and use too.

Ch. What beautiful stocks and wall-flowers ! We have none so fine in our garden.

Jac. Why, master, to say the truth, we are rather proud of them. I have got a way of cultivating them, that I believe few besides myself are acquainted with ; and on Sundays I have

plenty of visitors to come and admire them.

Ch. Pray what is this bush with narrow whitish leaves and blue flowers?

Jac. Don't you know? It is rosemary.

Ch. Is it good for any thing?

Jac. We like the smell of it; and then the leaves, mixed with a little balm, make pleasant tea, which we sometimes drink in the afternoon.

Ch. Here are several more plants that I never saw before.

Ch. Some of them are pot-herbs, that we put into our broth or porridge; and others are physic herbs, for we cannot afford to go to a doctor for every trifling ailment.

Ch. But how do you learn the use of these things?

Jac. Why, partly, master, from an old herbal that I have got; and partly from my good mother and some old

neighbours; for we poor people are obliged to help one another as well as we can. If you were curious about plants, I could go into the fields, and show you a great many that we reckon very fine for several uses, though I suppose we don't call them by the proper names.

Mr. E. You keep your garden very neat, friend, and seem to make the most of every inch of ground.

Jac. Why, Sir, we have hands enow, and all of us like to be doing a little in it when our in-doors work is over. I am in hopes soon to be allowed a bit of land from the waste for a potatoe-ground, which will be a great help to us. I shall then be able to keep a pig.

Mr. E. I suppose, notwithstanding your industry, you live rather hardly sometimes.

Jac. To be sure, Sir, we are somewhat pinched in dear times and hard

weather ; but, thank God, I have constant work, and my children begin to be some help to us, so that we fare better than some of our neighbours. If I do but keep my health, I don't fear but we shall make a shift to live.

Mr. E. Keep such a contented mind, my friend, and you will have few to envy. Good morning to you, and if any sickness or accident should befall you, remember you have a friend in your neighbour at the hall.

Jac. I will, Sir, and thank you.

Ch. Good morning to you.

Jac. The same to you, master.

[*They leave the cottage.*]

Mr. E. Well, Charles, what do you think of our visit ?

Ch. I am highly pleased with it, Sir. I shall have a better opinion of a poor cottager as long as I live.

Mr. E. I am glad of it. You see when we compare ourselves with this

weaver, all the advantage is not on our side. He is possessed of an art, the utility of which secures him a livelihood, whatever may be the changes of the times. All his family are brought up to industry, and show no small ingenuity in their several occupations. They are not without instruction, and especially seem to be in no want of that best of all, the knowledge of their duty. They understand something of the cultivation and uses of plants, and are capable of receiving enjoyment from the beauties of nature. They partake of the pleasures of home and neighbourhood. Above all, they seem content with their lot, and free from anxious cares and repinings. I view them as truly respectable members of society, acting well the part allotted to them, and that, a part most of all necessary to the well-being of the whole. They may, from untoward accidents, be

rendered objects of our compassion, but they never can be of our contempt.

Ch. Indeed, Sir, I am very far from despising them now. But would it not be possible to make them more comfortable than they are at present?

Mr. E. I think it would; and when giving a little from the superfluity of persons in our situation would add so much to the happiness of persons in theirs, I am of opinion that it is unpardonable not to do it. I intend to use my interest to get this poor man the piece of waste land he wants, and he shall have some from my share rather than go without.

Ch. And suppose, Sir, we were to give him some good potatoes to plant, it?

Mr. E. We will. Then, you know, we have a fine sow, that never fails to produce a numerous litter twice a year. Suppose we rear one of the next brood

to be ready for him as soon as he has got his potatoe-ground into bearing?

Ch. O yes! that will be just the thing. But how is he to build a pig-stye?

Mr. E. You may leave that to his own ingenuity! I warrant he can manage such a job as that with the help of a neighbour, at least. Well—I hope both the weaver, and you, will be the better for the acquaintance we have made to-day; and always remember, that *man, when fulfilling the duties of his station, be that station what it may, is a worthy object of respect to his fellow-men.*

ON EMBLEMS.

PRAY, papa, (said *Cecilia*) what is an *emblem*? I have met with the word in my lesson to-day, and I do not quite understand it.

An emblem, my dear, (replied he) is a visible image of an invisible thing.

C. A visible image of—I can hardly comprehend—

P. Well, I will explain it more at length. There are certain notions that we form in our minds without the help of our eyes, or any of our senses. Thus, Virtue, Vice, Honour, Disgrace, Time, Death, and the like, are not sensible objects, but ideas of the understanding.

C. Yes—We cannot feel them or see them, but we can think about them.

P. True. Now it sometimes happens that we wish to represent one of these in a visible form; that is, to offer something to the sight that shall raise a similar notion in the minds of the beholders. In order to do this, we must take some action or circumstance belonging to it, capable of being expressed

by painting or sculpture, and this is called a *type* or *emblem*.

C. But how can this be done?

P. I will tell you by an example. You know the Sessions-house where trials are held. It would be easy to write over the door in order to distinguish it, "This is the Sessions-house;" but it is a more ingenious and elegant way of pointing it out, to place upon the building a figure representing the purpose for which it was erected, namely, to distribute *justice*. For this end the notion of justice is to be *personified*, that is, changed from an idea of the understanding into one of the sight. A human figure is therefore made, distinguished by tokens which bear a relation to the character of that virtue. Justice carefully *weighs* both sides of a cause; she is therefore represented as holding a *pair of scales*. It is her office to *punish* crimes; she therefore bears

a *sword*. This is then an *emblematical figure*, and the sword and scales are *emblems*.

C. I understand this very well. But why is she blindfolded?

P. To denote her impartiality—that she decides only from the merits of the case, and not from a view of the parties.

C. How can she weigh any thing, though, when her eyes are blinded?

P. Well objected. These are two inconsistent emblems; each proper in itself, but when used together, making a contradictory action. An artist of judgment will therefore drop one of them; and accordingly the best modern figures of Justice have the balance and sword, without the bandage over the eyes.

C. Is there not the same fault in making Cupid blindfolded, and yet putting a bow and arrow into his hands?

P. There is. It is a gross absurdity, and not countenanced by the ancient descriptions of Cupid, who is represented as the surest of all archers.

C. I have a figure of *Death* in my fable-book. I suppose that is emblematical?

P. Certainly, or you could not know that it meant *Death*. How is he represented?

C. He is nothing but bones, and he holds a scythe in one hand, and an hour-glass in the other.

P. Well—how do you interpret these emblems?

C. I suppose he is all bones, because nothing but bones are left after a dead body has lain long in the grave.

P. True. This, however, is not so properly an emblem, as the real and visible effect of death. But the scythe?

C. Is not that because death mows down every thing?

P. It is. No instrument could so

properly represent the wide-wasting sway of death, which sweeps down the race of animals, like flowers falling under the hand of the mower. It is a simile used in the Scriptures.

C. The hour-glass, I suppose, is to show people their time is come.

P. Right. In the hour-glass that Death holds, all the sand is run out from the upper to the lower part. Have you never observed upon a monument an old figure, with wings, and a scythe, and with his head bald all but a single lock before?

C. O yes;—and I have been told it is *Time*.

P. Well—and what do you make of it? Why is he old?

C. O! because time has lasted a long while.

P. And why has he wings?

C. Because time is swift, and flies away.

P. What does his scythe mean?

C. I suppose that is, because he destroys and cuts down every thing like Death.

P. True. I think, however, a weapon rather slower in its operation, as a pick-axe, would have been more suitable to the gradual action of time. But what is his single lock of hair for?

C. I have been thinking, and cannot make it out.

P. I thought that would puzzle you. It relates to time as giving *opportunity* for doing any thing. It is to be seized as it presents itself, or it will escape, and cannot be recovered. Thus the proverb says, "Take time by the forelock." Well — now you understand what emblems are.

C. Yes, I think I do. I suppose the painted sugar-loaves over the grocer's shop, and the mortar over the apothecary's, are emblems too.

P. Not so properly. They are only the pictures of things which are them-

selves the object of sight, as the real sugar-loaf in the shop of the grocer, and the real mortar in that of the apothecary. However, an implement belonging to a particular rank or profession, is commonly used as an emblem to point out the man exercising that rank or profession. Thus a crown is considered as an emblem of a king; a sword or spear, of a soldier; an anchor, of a sailor; and the like.

C. I remember Captain Heartwell when he came to see us, had the figure of an anchor on all his buttons.

P. He had. That was the emblem or badge of his belonging to the navy.

C. But you told me that an emblem was a visible sign of an invisible thing; yet a sea-captain is not an invisible thing.

P. He is not invisible as a man, but his profession is invisible.

C. I do not well understand that.

P. Profession is a *quality*, belonging

equally to a number of individuals, however different they may be in external form and appearance. It may be added or taken away without any visible change. Thus, if Captain Heartwell were to give up his commission, he would appear to you the same man as before. It is plain, therefore, that what in that case he had lost, namely his profession, was a thing invisible. It is one of those ideas of the understanding which I before mentioned to you, as different from a sensible idea.

C. I comprehend it now.

P. I have got here a few emblematical pictures. Suppose you try whether you can find out their meaning.

C. O yes—I shall like that very well.

P. Here is a man standing on the summit of a steep cliff, and going to

ascend a ladder which he has planted against a cloud.

C. Let me see!—that must be *Ambition*, I think.

P. How do you explain it?

C. He is got very high already, but he wants to be still higher; so he ventures up the ladder, though it is only supported by a cloud, and hangs over a precipice.

P. Very right. Here is now another man, hood-winked, who is crossing a raging torrent upon stepping-stones.

C. Then he will certainly fall in. I suppose he is one that runs into danger without considering whither he is going.

P. Yes; and you may call him *Foolhardiness*. Do you see this hand coming out of a black cloud, and putting an extinguisher upon a lamp?

C. I do. If that lamp be the lamp

lamp of life, the hand that extinguishes it must be *Death*.

P. Very just. Here is an old half-ruined building, supported by props; and the figure of Time is sawing through one of the props.

C. That must be *Old-Age*, surely.

P. It is. The next is a man leaning upon a breaking crutch.

C. I don't well know what to make of that.

P. It is intended for *Instability*; however, it might also stand for *False Confidence*. Here is a man poring over a sun-dial, with a candle in his hand.

C. I am at a loss for that, too.

P. Consider—a sun-dial is only made to tell the hour by the light of the sun.

C. Then this man must know nothing about it.

P. True; and his name is therefore *Ignorance*. Here is a walking-stick, the lower part of which is set in the

water, and it appears crooked. What does that denote?

C. Is the stick really crooked?

P. No; but it is the property of water to give that appearance.

C. Then it must signify *Deception*.

P. It does. I dare say you will at once know this fellow who is running as fast as his legs will carry him, and looking back at his shadow.

C. He must be *Fear* or *Terror* I fancy.

P. Yes; you may call him which you please. But who is this sower, that scatters seed in the ground?

C. Let me consider. I think there is a parable in the Bible about seed sown, and it there signifies something like *Instruction*.

P. True; but it may also represent *Hope*, for no one would sow without hoping to reap the fruit. What do you think of this candle held before a

mirror, in which its figure is exactly reflected?

C. I do not know what it means.

P. It represents *Truth*; the essence of which consists in the fidelity with which objects are received and reflected back by our minds. The object is here a luminous one, to show the clearness and brightness of Truth. Here is next an upright column, the perfect straightness of which is shown by a plumb-line hanging from its summit, and exactly parallel to the side of the column.

C. I suppose that must represent *Uprightness*.

P. Yes—or in other words, *Rectitude*. The strength and stability of the pillar alone denote the security produced by this virtue. You see here a woman disentangling and reeling off a very perplexed skein of thread.

C. She must have a great deal of patience.

P. True. She is *Patience* herself. The brooding hen, sitting beside her, is another emblem of the same quality that aids the interpretation. Who do you think this pleasing female is, that looks with such kindness upon the drooping plant she is watering?

C. That must be *Charity*, I believe.

P. It is ; or you may call her *Benignity*, which is nearly the same thing. Here is a lady sitting demurely, with one finger on her lip, while she holds a bridle in her other hand.

C. The finger on the lip I suppose denotes Silence. The bridle must mean Confinement. I should almost fancy her to be a School-mistress.

P. Ha ! ha ! I hope, indeed, many school-mistresses are endued with her spirit, for she is *Prudence* or *Discretion*.

Well—we are now got to the end of our pictures, and upon the whole you have interpreted them very prettily.

C. But I have one question to ask you, papa! In these pictures and others that I have seen of the same sort, almost all the good qualities are represented in the form of *women*. What is the reason of that?

P. It is certainly a compliment, my dear, either to your sex's person or mind. The inventor either chose the figure of a female to clothe his agreeable quality in, because he thought that the most agreeable form, and therefore best suited it; or he meant to imply that the female character is really the most virtuous and amiable. I rather believe that the first was his intention, but I shall not object to your taking it in the light of the second.

C. But is it true—is it true?

P. Why, I can give you very good authority for the preference of the female sex in a moral view. One Ledyard, a great traveller, who had walked through almost all the countries of

Europe, and at last died in an expedition to explore the internal parts of Africa, gave a most decisive and pleasing testimony in favour of the superior character of women, whether savage or civilized. I was so much pleased with it, that I put great part of it into verse ; and if it will not make you vain, I will give you a copy of my lines.

C. O, pray do !

P. Here they are. Read them.

LEDYARD'S PRAISE OF WOMEN.

THROUGH many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps, I've held my way
A lonely unprotected stranger,
To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune still had been to find
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But gentle Woman ever kind.

Alive to ev'ry tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy ever prone,

The wounds of pain and sorrow healing
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart; . .
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature
In courtly town and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave,
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted!
What cordial in the simple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul:
Woman's the stranger's general blessing,
From sultry India to the Pole.

END OF VOL. V.



EVENINGS AT HOME;
OR,
THE JUVENILE BUDGET OPENED:
CONSISTING OF
A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES
FOR THE
Instruction and Amusement
OF
YOUNG PERSONS.

BY J. AIKIN, M.D.
AND
MRS. BARBAULD.

IN SIX VOLUMES.
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TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

THE COMPOUND FLOWERED PLANTS.

Tutor—George—Harry.

George. HARRY, can you blow off all these dandelion feathers at a blast?

Harry. I will try.

G. See—you have left almost half of them.

H. Can you do better?

G. Yes—look here.

H. There are still several left.

T. A pretty child's play you have got there. Bring me one of the dandelion heads, and let us see if we can make no other use of it.

H. Here is a very full one.

T. Do you know what these feathers, as you call them, are?

G. I believe they belong to the seed.

T. They do, and they are worth examining. Look at this single one through my magnifying glass ; you observe the seed at the bottom, like the point of a dart. From it springs a slender hairy shaft crowned by a very elegant spreading plume. You see it is a complete arrow of nature's manufacture.

G. How exact !

H. What a beautiful thing !

T. I am sure you see the use of it at once.

G. It is to set the seeds a flying with the wind.

H. And I suppose they sow themselves where they light.

T. They do. This is one of nature's contrivances for dissemination, or that scattering of the seeds of plants which makes them reach all the places proper for their growth. I dare say you have

observed other plants furnished with the same winged or feathered seeds.

H. O yes—there are groundsel, and ragwort, and thistles.

G. In a windy day I have seen the air all full of thistle down.

T. Very likely ; and for that reason you never saw a new made bank of earth, or a heap of dung in the fields, but it was presently covered with thistles. These, and the other plants that have been named, belong to a very extensive class, which it is worth while being acquainted with. They are called *the compound flowered plants*.

G. Will you be so good as to give us a lecture about them ?

T. With all my heart. Get me a dandelion in flower, a thistle head, and a daisy—if you cannot find a common daisy, one of the great ox-eye daisies in the corn will do as well.

G. and H. Here they are.

T. Very well. All these are *compound flowers*; for if you will examine them narrowly, you will perceive that they consist of a number of little flowers, or *florets*, enclosed in a common cup, which cup is made of a number of scales lying on each other like tiles of a house.

G. I see it.

T. The florets are not all alike in shape. In the dandelion you will observe that they consist of a tube, from which, at its upper end, proceeds a sort of strap-shaped tongue or fillet: in the thistle they are tubular or funnel-shaped throughout: in the daisy the centre ones which form the *disk*, as it is called, are tubular, while those in the circumference have a broad strap on one side, which altogether compose the *rays* of the flowers; whence this sort are called *radiated*. Now take the glass and examine the florets singly. Can you discern their chives and pointals?

G. I can.

T. You may remark that there are five chives to each, the tips of which unite into a tube, through which the pointal passes, having its summit doubled and curled back.

H. I can just make it out with the glass, but hardly with the naked eye.

T. It is from this circumstance of the tips of the chives growing together that Linnæus has taken his distinction of the whole class ; and he has named it *Syngenesia*, from two Greek words having that signification. You will further observe that all these florets stand upon a stool or receptacle at the bottom of the flower, which is the cushion left on the dandelion stalk after the seeds are blown away. Into this the seeds are slightly stuck, which are one apiece to every perfect or fertile floret. This is the general structure of the compound flowers.

H. Are all their seeds feathered?

T. Not all. These of the daisy are not. But in a great many species they are.

H. I should have thought these were a very useful class of plants by the pains nature has taken to spread them, if you had not told us that thistles, and ragwort, and groundsel, were some of them.

T. And if you do not confine your idea of usefulness to what is serviceable to man, but extend it to the whole creation, you may safely conclude from their abundance, that they must be highly useful in the general economy of nature. In fact no plants feed a greater number of insects, and none are more important to the small birds, to whom they furnish food by their seeds, and a fine warm down for lining their nests. On the approach of winter you may see whole flocks of linnets and gold-finches pecking among the thistles; and you know that groundsel

is a favourite treat to birds in a cage. To man, however, they are for the most part troublesome and unsightly weeds. Burdock, thistles, and yarrow, overrun his hedge banks; dandelion, and hawkweed, which much resembles it, fill his meadows; the tall and branching ragwort, and blue succory, cumber his pastures; and wild chamomile, ox-eye, and corn marygold, choke up his corn-fields. These plants in general have a bitter nauseous taste, so that no cattle will touch them. Daisies, I believe, are the chief exception.

G. But some of them, I suppose, are useful to man?

T. Yes, several, and in various ways. Some that have milky bitter juices are employed in medicine for purifying the blood and removing obstructions. Of these are dandelion, succory, and sow-thistle. Many others are bitter, and

strongly aromatic ; as chamomile, worm-wood, southernwood, feverfew, and tansy ; these are good for strengthening the stomach and expelling worms. That capital ingredient in salad, lettuce, is of this class, and so is endive. Artichoke forms a very singular article of diet, for the part chiefly eaten, called the bottom, is the receptacle of the flower, upon which the choke, or seeds with their feathers, is placed. It is said that some of the larger species of thistles may be dressed and eaten the same way. Then there is Jerusalem artichoke, which is the root of a species of sun-flower, and when boiled, much resembles in taste an artichoke bottom. On the whole, however, a very small proportion of this class of plants is used in food.

G. Are there no garden-flowers belonging to them ?

T. Several ; especially of the au-

tumnal ones. There are sun-flowers of various kinds, which are the largest flowers the garden produces, though not the most sightly; marygolds both the common, and the French and African, asters, china-asters, golden-rod, and crysanthemums. Very few flowers of this class have an agreeable scent, and their shape is not the most pleasing; but they have often gay colours, and make a figure in the garden when other things are over. Well—this is most that I recollect worth noticing of the compound flowered plants. They are a difficult class to make out botanically, though pretty easily known from each other by sight. I will take care to point out to you the principal of them that we meet with in our walks, and you must get acquainted with them.

GREAT MEN.

I WILL show you a *great man*, said *Mr. C.* one day to his son, at the time the Duke of Bridgewater's canal was making. He accordingly took him to a place where a number of workmen were employed in raising a prodigious mound, on the top of which the canal was to be carried across a deep valley. In the midst of them was a very plain dressed man, awkward in his gestures, uncouth in his appearance; and rather heavy in his countenance—in short, a mere countryman like the rest. He had a plan in his hand, and was giving directions to the people round him, and surveying the whole labour with profound attention. This, *Arthur*, said *Mr. C.* is the great *Mr. Brindley*.

What, cried *Arthur* in surprise, is that a *great man*?

Mr. C. Yes, a very great man. Why are you surprised?

A. I don't know, but I should have expected a great man to have looked very differently.

Mr. C. It matters little how a man looks, if he can perform great things. That person, without any advantages of education, has become, by the force of his own genius, the first engineer of the age. He is doing things that were never done or even thought of in this country before. He pierces hills, makes bridges over valleys, aqueducts across navigable rivers, and in short is likely to change the whole face of the country, and to introduce improvements the value of which cannot be calculated. When at a loss how to bring about any of his designs, he does not go to other people for assistance, but he consults the wonderful faculties of his own mind, and finds a way to overcome his diffi-

culties. He looks like a rustic it is true, but he has a soul of the first order, such as is not granted to one out of millions of the human race.

A. But are all men of extraordinary abilities, properly *great men*?

Mr. C. The word has been variously used; but I would call every one a great man *who does great things by means of his own powers*. Great abilities are often employed about trifles, or indolently wasted without any considerable exertion at all. To make a great man, the object pursued should be large and important, and vigour and perseverance should be employed in the pursuit.

A. All the great men I remember to have read about, were kings, or generals, or prime-ministers, or in some high station or other.

Mr. C. It is natural they should stand foremost in the list of great men, because the sphere in which they act is an

extensive one, and what they do has a powerful influence over numbers of mankind. Yet those that invent useful arts, or discover important truths which may promote the comfort and happiness of unborn generations in the most distant parts of the world, act a still more important part; and their claim to merit is generally more undoubted than that of the former, because what they do is more certainly their own.

In order to estimate the real share a man in a high station has had in the great events which have been attributed to him, strip him in your imagination of all the external advantages of rank and power, and see what a figure he would have made without them; or fancy a common man put in his place, and judge whether affairs would have gone on in the same track. Augustus Cæsar, and Lewis the XIVth of France, have both been called great princes; but deprive

them of their crown, and they will both dwindle into obscure and trivial characters. But no change of circumstances could reduce Alfred the Great to the level of a common man. The two former could sink into their graves, and yield their power to a successor, and scarcely be missed; but Alfred's death changed the fate of his kingdom. Thus with Epaminondas fell all the glory and greatness of the Theban state. He first raised it to consequence, and it could not survive him.

A. Was not Czar Peter a great man?

Mr. C. I am not sure he deserves that title. Being a despotic prince, at the head of a vast empire, he could put into execution whatever plans he was led to adopt, and these plans in general were grand and beneficial to his country. But the means he used were such as the master of the lives and fortunes of

millions could easily employ, and there was more of brutal force than of skill and judgment in the manner in which he pursued his designs. Still he was an *extraordinary* man; and the resolution of leaving his throne, in order to acquire in foreign countries the knowledge necessary to rescue his own from barbarism, was a feature of greatness. A truly great prince, however, would have employed himself better than in learning to build boats at Sardam.

A. What was Alexander the Great?

Mr. C. A great conqueror, but not a great man. It was easy for him, with the well-disciplined army of Greeks, which he received from his father Philip, to overrun the unwarlike kingdoms of Asia, and defeat the Great King, as the King of Persia was called: but though he shewed some marks of an elevated mind, he seems to have possessed few

qualities which could have raised him to distinction had he been born in an humble station. Compare his fugitive grandeur, supported by able ministers and generals, to the power which his tutor the great Aristotle, merely through the force of his own genius, exercised over men's minds throughout the most civilized part of the world for two thousand years after his death. Compare also the part which has been acted in the world by the Spanish monarchs, the masters of immense possessions in Europe and America, to that by Christopher Columbus, the Genoese navigator, who could have it inscribed on his tomb-stone, that he *gave* a new world to the kingdom of Castile and Arragon. These comparisons will teach you to distinguish between greatness of character and greatness of station, which are too often confounded. He who governs a great country may in one sense be

called a great king; but this is no more than an appellation belonging to rank, like that of the Great Mogul, or the Grand Seigneur, and infers no more personal grandeur than the title of Mr. Such a one, the Great Grocer or Great Brewer.

A. Must not great men be good men, too?

Mr. C. If that man is great who does great things, it will not follow that goodness must necessarily be one of his qualities; since that chiefly refers to the end and intentions of actions. Julius Cæsar, and Cromwell, for example, were men capable of the greatest exploits; but directing them not to the public good, but to the purposes of their own ambition, in pursuit of which they violated all the duties of morality, they have obtained the title of *great bad men*. A person however cannot be great at all without possessing many virtues. He must be firm, steady, and diligent, superior

to difficulties and dangers, and equally superior to the allurements of ease and pleasure. For want of these moral qualities, many persons of exalted minds and great talents have failed to deserve the title of great men. It is in vain that the French poets and historians have decorated Henry the Fourth with the name of Great; his facility of disposition and uncontrollable love of pleasure have caused him to forfeit his claim to it in the estimation of impartial judges. As power is essential to greatness, a man cannot be great without *power over himself*, which is the highest kind of power.

A. After all, is it not better to be a good man than a great one?

Mr. C. There is more merit in being a good man, because it is what we make ourselves, whereas the talents that produce greatness are the gift of nature; though they may be improved by our own efforts, they cannot be acquired.

But if goodness is the proper object of our love and esteem, greatness deserves our high admiration and respect. This Mr. Brindley before us is by all accounts a worthy man, but it is not for this reason I have brought you to see him. I wish you to look upon him as one of those sublime and uncommon objects of nature, which fill the mind with a certain awe and astonishment. Next to being great oneself, it is desirable to have a true relish for greatness.

ORDER AND DISORDER.

A FAIRY TALE.

JULIET was a clever well-disposed girl, but apt to be heedless. She could learn her lessons very well, but commonly as much time was taken up in getting

her things together, as in doing what she was set about. If she was to work, there was generally the housewife to seek in one place, and the thread papers in another. The scissars were left in her pocket up stairs, and the thimble was rolling about the floor. In writing, the copy-book was generally missing, the ink dried up, and the pens, new and old, all tumbled about the cupboard. The slate and slate-pencil were never found together. In making her exercises, the English dictionary always came to hand instead of the French grammar; and when she was to read a chapter, she usually got hold of Robinson Crusoe, or the World Displayed, instead of the Testament.

Juliet's mamma was almost tired of teaching her, so she sent her to make a visit to an old lady in the country, a very good woman, but rather strict with young folks. Here she was shut up in

a room above stairs by herself after breakfast every day, till she had quite finished the tasks set her. This house was one of the very few that are still haunted by fairies. One of these whose name was *Disorder*, took a pleasure in plaguing poor Juliet. She was a frightful figure to look at, being crooked and squint-eyed, with her hair hanging about her face, and her dress put on all awry, and full of rents and tatters. She prevailed on the old lady to let her set Juliet her tasks ; so one morning she came up with a work-bag full of threads of silk of all sorts of colours, mixed and entangled together, and a flower very nicely worked to copy. It was a pansy, and the gradual melting of its hues into one another was imitated with great accuracy and beauty. " Here, Miss," said she, " my mistress has sent you a piece of work to do, and she insists upon having it done before you come

down to dinner. You will find all the materials in this bag."

Juliet took the flower and the bag, and turned out all the silks upon the table. She slowly pulled out a red and a purple, and a blue, and a yellow, and at length fixed upon one to begin working with, after taking two or three stitches, and looking at her model, she found another shade was wanted. This was to be hunted out from the bunch, and a long while it took her to find it. It was soon necessary to change it for another. Juliet saw that in going on at this rate, it would take days instead of hours to work the flower, so she laid down the needle and fell a crying. After this had continued some time, she was startled at the sound of somewhat stamping on the floor; and taking her handkerchief from her eyes, she spied a diminutive female figure advancing towards her. She was as upright as an arrow, and had not so

much as a hair out of its place, or the least article of her dress rumpled or discomposed. When she came up to Juliet, "My dear," said she, "I heard you crying, and knowing you to be a good girl in the main, I am come to your assistance. My name is *Order*; your mamma is well acquainted with me, though this is the first time you ever saw me. But I hope we shall know one another better for the future." She then jumped upon the table, and with a wand gave a tap upon the heap of entangled silk. Immediately the threads separated, and arranged themselves in a long row consisting of little skeins in which all of the same colour were collected together, those approaching nearest in shade being placed next each other. This done, she disappeared. Juliet, as soon as her surprise was over, resumed her work, and found it go on with ease and pleasure. She finished

the flower by dinner-time, and obtained great praise for the neatness of the execution.

The next day the ill-natured fairy came up with a great book under her arm. "This," said she, "is my mistress's house-book, and she says you must draw out against dinner an exact account of what it has cost her last year in all the articles of house-keeping, including clothes, rent, taxes, wages, and the like. You must state separately the amount of every article under the heads of baker, butcher, milliner, shoemaker, and so forth, taking special care not to miss a single thing entered down in the book. Here is a quire of paper, and a parcel of pens." So saying, with a malicious grin she left her.

Juliet turned pale at the very thought of the task she had to perform. She opened the great book, and saw all the pages closely written, but in the most

confused manner possible. Here was
“Paid Mr. Crusty for a week’s bread
and baking, so much.” Then, “Paid
Mr. Pinchtoe for shoes, so much.”—
“Paid half a year’s rent, so much.”
Then came a butcher’s bill, succeeded
by a milliner’s, and that by a tallow-
chandler’s. “What shall I do?” cried
poor Juliet—“where am I to begin,
and how can I possibly pick out all these
things? Was ever such a tedious perplex-
ing task? O that my good little crea-
ture were here again with her wand!”

She had but just uttered these words
when the fairy *Order* stood before her.
“Don’t be startled, my dear,” said she;
I knew your wish, and made haste to
comply with it. Let me see your book.”
She turned over a few leaves, and then
cried, “I see my cross-grained sister has
played you a trick. She has brought
you the *day-book* instead of the *ledger*;
but I will set the matter to rights in-

stantly." She vanished, and presently returned with another book, in which she showed Juliet every one of the articles required, standing at the tops of the pages, and all the particulars entered under them from the day-book ; so that there was nothing for her to do but cast up the sums, and copy out the heads with their amount in single lines. As Juliet was a ready accountant, she was not long in finishing the business, and produced her account neatly written on one sheet of paper, at dinner.

The next day, Juliet's tormentor brought her up a large box full of letters stamped upon small bits of ivory, capitals and common letters of all sorts, but jumbled together promiscuously, as if they had been shaken in a bag. " Now, Miss," said she, " before you come down to dinner, you must exactly copy out this poem in these ivory letters, placing them line by line, on the floor of your room."

Juliet thought at first that this task would be pretty sport enough; but when she set about it, she found such trouble in hunting out the letters she wanted, every one seeming to come to hand before the right one, that she proceeded very slowly; and the poem being a long one, it was plain that night would come before it was finished. Sitting down, and crying for her kind friend, was therefore her only resource.

Order was not far distant, for, indeed, she had been watching her proceedings all the while. She made herself visible, and giving a tap on the letters with her wand, they immediately arranged themselves alphabetically in little double heaps, the small in one, and the great in the other. After this operation, Juliet's task went on with such expedition, that she called up the old lady an hour before dinner, to be witness to its completion.

The good lady kissed her, and told her, that as she hoped she was now made fully sensible of the benefits of order, and the inconveniences of disorder, she would not confine her any longer to work by herself at set tasks, but she should come and sit with her. Juliet took such pains to please her by doing every thing with the greatest neatness and regularity, and reforming all her careless habits, that when she was sent back to her mother, the following presents were made her, constantly to remind her of the beauty and advantage of order.

A cabinet of English coins, in which all the gold and silver money of our kings was arranged in the order of their reigns.

A set of plaster casts of the Roman emperors.

A cabinet of beautiful shells, displayed according to the most approved system.

A very complete box of water colours, and another of crayons, sorted in all the shades of the primary colours.

And a very nice housewife, with all the implements belonging to a sempstress, and a good store of the best needles in sizes.

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

THE FOUR SISTERS.

I AM one of four sisters ; and having some reason to think myself not well used either by them or by the world, I beg leave to lay before you a sketch of our history and characters. You will not wonder there should be frequent bickerings amongst us, when I tell you that in our infancy we were continually fighting ; and so great was the noise, and din, and confusion, in our continual struggles to get uppermost, that it was impossible for any body to live amongst us in such a scene of tumult and disorder. These brawls, however, by a powerful interposition, were put an end to ; our proper place was assigned to each of us, and we had strict orders not to encroach on the limits of

each other's property, but to join our common offices for the good of the whole family.

My first sister (I call her the first, because we have generally allowed her the precedence in rank) is, I must acknowledge, of a very active, sprightly disposition ; quick and lively, and has more brilliancy than any of us ; but she is hot : every thing serves for fuel to her fury when it is once raised to a certain degree, and she is so mischievous whenever she gets the upper hand, that notwithstanding her aspiring disposition, if I may freely speak my mind, she is calculated to make a good servant, but a very bad mistress.

I am almost ashamed to mention, that notwithstanding her seeming delicacy, she has a most voracious appetite, and devours every thing that comes in her way ; though, like other eager thin people, she does no credit to her keep-

ing. Many a time has she consumed the product of my barns and store-houses, but it is all lost upon her. She has even been known to get into an oil-shop or tallow-chandler's when every body was asleep, and lick up with the utmost greediness whatever she found there. Indeed, all prudent people are aware of her tricks, and though she is admitted into the best families, they take care to watch her very narrowly. I should not forget to mention, that my sister was once in a country where she was treated with uncommon respect; she was lodged in a sumptuous building, and had a number of young women of the best families to attend on her, and feed her, and watch over her health: in short, she was looked upon as something more than a common mortal. But she always behaved with great severity to her maids, and if any of them were negligent of their duty, or

made a slip in their own conduct, nothing would serve her but burying the poor girls alive. I have myself had some dark hints and intimations from the most respectable authority, that she will some time or other make an end of me. You need not wonder, therefore, if I am jealous of her motions.

The next sister I shall mention to you, has so far the appearance of modesty and humility, that she generally seeks the lowest place. She is indeed of a very yielding easy temper, generally cool, and often wears a sweet placid smile upon her countenance; but she is easily ruffled, and when worked up, as she often is, by another sister, whom I shall mention to you by and by, she becomes a perfect fury. Indeed she is so apt to swell with sudden gusts of passion, that she is suspected at times to be a little lunatic. Between her and my first-mentioned sister, there is a more

settled antipathy than between the Theban pair; and they never meet without making efforts to destroy one another. With me she is always ready to form the most intimate union, but it is not always to my advantage. There goes a story in our family, that when we were all young, she once attempted to drown me. She actually kept me under a considerable time, and though at length I got my head above water, my constitution is generally thought to have been essentially injured by it ever since. From that time she has made no such atrocious attempt, but she is continually making encroachments upon my property, and even when she appears most gentle, she is very insidious, and has such an undermining way with her, that her insinuating arts are as much to be dreaded as open violence. I might indeed remonstrate, but it is a known part of her character, that

nothing makes any lasting impression upon her.

As to my third sister, I have already mentioned the ill office she does me with my last-mentioned one, who is entirely under her influence. She is besides of a very uncertain variable temper, sometimes hot, and sometimes cold, nobody knows where to have her. Her lightness is even proverbial, and she has nothing to give those who live with her, more substantial than the smiles of courtiers. I must add, that she keeps in her service three or four rough blustering bullies, with puffed cheeks, who, when they are let loose, think they have nothing to do but drive the world before them. She sometimes joins with my first sister, and their violence occasionally throws me into such a trembling, that, though naturally of a firm constitution, I shake as if I was in an ague fit.

As to myself, I am of a steady solid temper; not shining indeed, but kind and liberal, quite a Lady Bountiful. Every one tastes of my beneficence, and I am of so grateful a disposition, that I have been known to return a hundred fold for any present that has been made me. I feed and clothe all my children, and afford a welcome home to the wretch who has no other home. I bear with unrepining patience all manner of ill usage; I am trampled upon, I am torn and wounded with the most cutting strokes; I am pillaged of the treasures hidden in my most secret chambers; notwithstanding which, I am always ready to return good for evil, and am continually subservient to the pleasure or advantage of others; yet, so ungrateful is the world, that because I do not possess all the airiness and activity of my sisters, I am stigmatised as dull and heavy. Every sordid miserly fellow is

called by way of derision one of my children; and if a person on entering a room does but turn his eyes upon me, he is thought stupid and mean, and not fit for good company. I have the satisfaction, however, of finding that people always incline towards me as they grow older; and that those who seemed proudly to disdain any affinity with me, are content to sink at last into my bosom. You will probably wish to have some account of my person. I am not a regular beauty; some of my features are rather harsh and prominent, when viewed separately; but my countenance has so much variety of expression, and so many different attitudes of elegance, that those who study my face with attention, find out continually new charms; and it may be truly said of me, what Titus says of his mistress, and for a much longer space:

Pendant cinq ans entières tous les jours de la vois,
Et crois toujours la voir pour la première fois.

For five whole years each day she meets my view,
Yet every day I seem to see her new.

Though I have been so long a mother,
I have still a surprising air of youth
and freshness, which is assisted by all
the advantages of well chosen orna-
ment, for I dress well, and according
to the season.

This is what I have to say chiefly of
myself and my sisters. To a person of
your sagacity it will be unnecessary for
me to sign my name. Indeed, one
who becomes acquainted with any one
of the family, cannot be at a loss to
discover the rest, notwithstanding the
difference in our features and charac-
ters.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

WILLIAM was one day reading in a book of travels to his father, when he came to the following relation :—

“ The Andes in South America are the highest ridge of mountains in the known world. There is a road over them, on which, about half way between the summit and the foot, is a house of entertainment, where it is common for travellers in their ascent and descent to meet. The difference in their feelings upon the same spot is very remarkable. Those who are descending the mountain are melting with heat, so that they can scarcely bear any clothes upon them ; while those who are ascending, shiver with cold, and wrap themselves up in the warmest garments they have.”

How strange this is! (cried William)
What can be the reason of it?

It is (replied his father) a striking instance of the *power of habit* over the body. The cold is so intense on the top of these mountains, that it is as much as travellers can do to keep themselves from being frozen to death. Their bodies, therefore, become so habituated to the sensation of cold, that every diminution of it as they descend seems to them a degree of actual heat; and when they are got half way down, they feel as if they were quite in a sultry climate. On the other hand, the valleys at the foot of the mountains are so excessively hot, that the body becomes relaxed, and sensible to the slightest degree of cold; so that when a traveller ascends from them towards the hills, the middle regions appear quite inclement from their coldness.

And does the same thing (rejoined William) always happen in crossing high mountains?

It does (returned his father) in a degree proportioned to their height, and the time taken in crossing them. Indeed a short time is sufficient to produce similar effects. Let one boy have been playing at rolling snow-balls, and another have been roasting himself before a great fire, and let them meet in the porch of the house ;—if you ask them how they feel, I will answer for it you will find them as different in their accounts as the travellers on the Andes. But this is only one example of the operation of an universal principle belonging to human nature ; for the power of habit is the same thing whatever be the circumstance which calls it forth, whether relating to the mind or the body.

You may consider the story you have been reading as a sort of simile or parable. The central station on the mountain may be resembled to *middle life*.

With what different feelings is this regarded by those who bask in the sunshine of opulence, and those who shrink under the cold blast of penury!

Suppose the wealthy duke, our neighbour, were suddenly obliged to descend to our level, and live as we do—to part with all his carriages, sell his coach horses, and hunters, quit his noble seat with its fine park and gardens, dismiss all his train of servants except two or three, and take a house like ours; what a dreadful fall it would seem to him! how wretched it would probably make him, and how much would he be pitied by the world!

On the other hand, suppose the labourer who lives in the next cottage were unexpectedly to fall heir to an estate of a few hundreds a year, and in consequence to get around him all the comforts and conveniences that we possess—a commodious house to inhabit,

good clothes to wear, plenty of wholesome food and firing, servants to do all the drudgery of the family, and the like;—how all his acquaintance would congratulate him, and what a Paradise would he seem to himself to be got into! Yet he, and the duke, and ourselves, are equally *men*, made liable by nature to the same desires and necessities, and perhaps all equally strong in constitution, and equally capable of supporting hardships. Is not this fully as wonderful a difference in feeling as that on crossing the Andes?

Indeed it is (said William.)

And the cause of it must be exactly the same—the influence of habit.

I think so.

Of what importance then must it be towards a happy life, to regulate our habits so, that in the possible changes of this world we may be more likely to be gainers than losers!

But how can this be done? Would it be right for the duke to live with us, or us like the labourer?

Certainly not. But to apply the case to persons of our middle condition, I would have us use our advantages in such a frugal manner, as to make them as little as possible essential to our happiness, should fortune sink us to a lower station. For as to the chance of rising to a higher, there is no need to prepare our habit for that—we should readily enough accommodate our feelings to such a change. To be pleased and satisfied with simple food, to accustom ourselves not to shrink from the inclemencies of the seasons, to avoid indolence, and take delight in some useful employment of the mind or body, to do as much as we can for ourselves, and not expect to be waited upon on every small occasion—these are the habits which will make us in some measure

independent of fortune, and secure us a moderate degree of enjoyment under every change short of absolute want. I will tell you a story to this purpose.

A London Merchant had two sons, James and Richard. James, from a boy, accustomed himself to every indulgence in his power, and when he grew up, was quite a fine gentleman. He dressed expensively, frequented public diversions, kept his hunter at a livery stable, and was a member of several convivial clubs. At home it was almost a footman's sole business to wait on him. He would have thought it greatly beneath him to buckle his own shoes; and if he wanted any thing at the other end of the room, he would ring the bell, and bring the servant up two pair of stairs, rather than rise from his chair to fetch it. He did a little business in the counting-house on forenoons, but devoted all his time

after dinner to indolence and amusement.

Richard was a very different character. He was plain in his appearance, and domestic in his way of life. He gave as little trouble as possible, and would have been ashamed to ask assistance in doing what he could easily do for himself. He was assiduous in business, and employed his leisure hours chiefly in reading and acquiring useful knowledge.

Both were still young and unsettled when their father died, leaving behind him a very trifling property. As the young men had not a capital sufficient to follow the same line of mercantile business in which he had been engaged, they were obliged to look out for a new plan of maintenance; and a great reduction of expense was the first thing requisite. This was a severe stroke to James, who found himself at once cut

from all the pleasures and indulgencies to which he was so habituated, that he thought life of no value without them. He grew melancholy and dejected, hazarded all his little property in lottery tickets, and was quite beggared. Still unable to think of retrieving himself by industry and frugality, he accepted a commission in a new raised regiment ordered for the West Indies, where soon after his arrival he caught a fever and died.

Richard, in the mean time, whose comforts were little impaired by this change of situation, preserved his cheerfulness, and found no difficulty in accommodating himself to his fortune. He engaged himself as clerk in a house his father had been connected with, and lived as frugally as possible upon his salary. It furnished him with decent board, lodging, and clothing, which was all he required, and his hours of leisure

were nearly as many as before. A book or a sober friend always sufficed to procure him an agreeable evening. He gradually rose in the confidence of his employers, who increased from time to time his salary and emoluments. Every increase was a source of gratification to him, because he was able to enjoy pleasures which, however, habit had not made necessary to his comfort. In process of time he was enabled to settle for himself, and passed through life in the enjoyment of that modest competence which best suited his disposition.

WISE MEN.

You may remember, *Arthur*, (said *Mr. C.* to his son) that some time ago, I endeavoured to give you a notion what a *great man* was. Suppose we now talk a little about *wise men*?

With all my heart, Sir, (replied Arthur.)

Mr. C. A wise man, then, is *he who pursues the best ends by the properest means*. But as this definition may be rather too abstract to give you a clear comprehension of the thing, I shall open it to you by examples. What do you think is the best end a man can pursue in life?

A. I suppose to make himself happy,

Mr. C. True. And as we are so constituted that we cannot be happy ourselves without making others happy, the best end of living is to produce as much general happiness as lies in our power.

A. But that is goodness, is it not?

Mr. C. It is ; and therefore wisdom includes goodness. The wise man always intends what is good, and employs skill or judgment in attaining it. If he were to pursue the best things weakly,

he could not be wise; any more than if he were to pursue bad or indifferent things judiciously. One of the wisest men I know is our neighbour, Mr. Freeland.

A. What, the justice?

Mr. C. Yes. Few men have succeeded more perfectly in securing their own happiness, and promoting that of those around them. Born to a competent estate, he early settled upon it, and began to improve it. He reduced all his expences within his income, and indulged no tastes that could lead him into excesses of any kind. At the same time he did not refuse any proper and innocent pleasures that came in his way; and his house has always been distinguished for decent cheerfulness and hospitality. He applied himself with diligence to mending the morals, and improving the condition of his dependents. He

studied attentively the laws of his country, and qualified himself for administering justice with skill and fidelity. No one sooner discovers where the right lies, or takes surer means to enforce it. He is the person to whom the neighbours of all degrees apply for counsel in their difficulties. His conduct is always consistent and uniform — never violent, never rash, never in extremes, but always deliberating before he acts, and then acting with firmness and vigour. The peace and good order of the whole neighbourhood materially depend upon him ; and upon every emergency his opinion is the first thing enquired after. He enjoys the respect of the rich, the confidence of the poor, and the goodwill of both.

A. But I have heard some people reckon old Harpy as wise a man as he.

Mr. C. It is a great abuse of words

to call Harpy a wise man. He is of another species—a *cunning man*—who is to a wise man what an ape is to a human creature—a bad and contemptible resemblance.

A. He is very clever, though ; is he not ?

Mr. C. Harpy has a good natural understanding, a clear head and a cool temper ; but his only end in life has been to raise a fortune by base and dishonest means. Being thoroughly acquainted with all the tricks and artifices of the law, he employed his knowledge to take undue advantages of all who entrusted him with the management of their affairs ; and under colour of assisting them, he contrived to get possession of all their property. Thus he has become extremely rich, lives in a great house with a number of servants, is even visited by persons of rank, yet is universally detested and

despised, and has not a friend in the world. He is conscious of this, and is wretched. Suspicion and remorse continually prey upon his mind. Of all whom he has cheated, he has deceived himself the most ; and has proved himself as much a fool in the end he has pursued, as a knave in the means.

A. Are not men of great learning and knowledge wise men ?

Mr. C. They are so, if that knowledge and learning are employed to make them happier and more useful. But it too often happens that their speculations are of a kind neither beneficial to themselves nor to others ; and they often neglect to regulate their tempers while they improve their understandings. Some men of great learning have been the most arrogant and quarrelsome of mortals, and as foolish and absurd in their conduct, as the most untaught of their species.

A. But are not a philosopher and a wise man the same thing?

Mr. C. A philosopher is properly *a lover of wisdom*; and if he searches after it with a right disposition, he will probably find it oftener than other men. But he must practise as well as know, in order to be truly wise.

A. I have read of the seven wise men of Greece. What were they?

Mr. C. They were men distinguished for their knowledge and talents, and some of them for their virtue too. But a wiser than them all was Socrates, whose chief praise it was that he turned philosophy from vain and fruitless disputation to the regulation of life and manners, and that he was himself a great example of the wisdom he taught.

A. Have we had any person lately very remarkable for wisdom?

Mr. C. In my opinion, few wiser

men have ever existed than the late Dr. Franklin, the American. From the low station of journeyman printer, to the elevated one of ambassador plenipotentiary from his country to the court of France, he always distinguished himself by sagacity in discovering, and good sense in practising, what was most beneficial to himself and others. He was a great natural philosopher, and made some very brilliant discoveries; but it was ever his favourite purpose to turn every thing to use, and to extract some practical advantage from his speculations. He thoroughly understood *common life*, and all that conduces to its comfort; and he has left behind him treasures of domestic wisdom, superior, perhaps, to any of the boasted maxims of antiquity. He never let slip any opportunity of improving his knowledge, whether of great things or of small; and was

equally ready to converse with a day-labourer and a prime minister upon topics from which he might derive instruction. He rose to wealth, but obtained by honourable means.—He prolonged his life by temperance to a great age, and enjoyed it to the last. Few men knew more than he, and none employed knowledge to better purposes.

A. A man, then, I suppose, cannot be wise without knowing a great deal.

Mr. C. If he knows every thing belonging to his station, it is wisdom enough; and a peasant may be as truly wise in his place as a statesman or legislator. You remember that fable of Gay, in which a shepherd gives lessons of wisdom to a philosopher.

A. O yes—it begins

Remote from cities lived a swain,

Mr. C. True. He is represented as

drawing all his maxims of conduct from observation of brute animals. And they, indeed, have universally that character of wisdom, of pursuing the ends best suited to them by the properest means. But this is owing to the impulse of unerring instinct. Man has reason for his guide, and his wisdom can only be the consequence of the right use of his reason. This will lead him to virtue. Thus the fable we have been mentioning rightly concludes with.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies,
Thy *virtue* proves thee *truly wise*.

THE BULLIES.

As YOUNG Francis was walking through a village with his tutor, they were annoyed by two or three cur dogs, that came running after them

with looks of the utmost fury, snarling and barking as if they would tear their throats, and seeming every moment ready to fly upon them. Francis every now and then stopped and shook his stick at them, or stooped down to pick up a stone, upon which the curs retreated as fast as they came; but as soon as he turned about, they were after his heels again. This lasted till they came to a farm-yard through which their road lay. A large mastiff was lying down in it at his ease in the sun. Francis was almost afraid to pass him, and kept as close to his tutor as possible. However, the dog took not the least notice of them.

Presently they came upon a common, where going near a flock of geese, they were assailed with hissings, and pursued some way by these foolish birds, which, stretching out their long necks, made a very ridiculous figure. Francis only

laughed at them, though he was tempted to give the foremost a switch across his neck. A little further was a herd of cows with a bull among them, upon which Francis looked with some degree of apprehension ; but they kept quietly grazing, and did not take their heads from the ground as he passed.

It is a lucky thing, said Francis to his tutor, that mastiffs and bulls are not so quarrelsome as curs and geese ; but what can be the reason of it ?

The reason (replied his tutor) is, that paltry and contemptible animals, possessing no confidence in their own strength and courage, and knowing themselves liable to injury from most of those that come in their way, think it safer to take the part of bullies, and to make a show of attacking those of whom in reality they are afraid. Whereas animals which are conscious of force sufficient for their own protection, sus-

pecting no evil designs from others, entertain none themselves, but maintain a dignified composure.

Thus you will find it among mankind. Weak, mean, petty characters are suspicious, snarling, and petulant. They raise an outcry against their superiors in talents and reputation, of whom they stand in awe, and put on airs of defiance and insolence through mere cowardice. But the truly great are calm and inoffensive. They fear no injury, and offer none. They even suffer slight attacks to go unnoticed, conscious of their power to right themselves whenever the occasion shall seem to require it.

TWENTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

GEORGE CORNISH, a native of London, was brought up to the sea. After making several voyages to the East Indies in the capacity of mate, he obtained the command of a ship in the country trade there, and passed many years of his life in sailing from one port to another of the Company's different settlements, and residing at intervals on shore with the superintendants of their commercial concerns. Having by these means raised a moderate fortune, and being now beyond the meridian of life, he felt a strong desire of returning to his native country, and seeing his family

and friends, concerning whom he had received no tidings for a long time. He realized his property, settled his affairs, and taking his passage for England, arrived in the Downs after an absence of sixteen years.

He immediately repaired to London, and went to the house of an only brother whom he had left possessed of a genteel place in a public office. He found that his brother was dead, and the family broken up; and he was directed to the house of one of his nieces, who was married and settled at a small distance from town. On making himself known he was received with great respect and affection by the married niece, and a single sister who resided with her; to which good reception, the idea of his bringing back with him a large fortune did not a little contribute. They pressed him in the most urgent manner to take up his abode there, and omitted no-

thing that could testify their dutiful regard to so near a relation. On his part, he was sincerely glad to see them, and presented them with some valuable Indian commodities which he had brought with him. They soon fell into conversation concerning the family events that had taken place during his long absence. Mutual condolences passed on the death of the father; the mother had been dead long before. The captain, in the warmth of his heart, declared his intention of befriending the survivors of the family, and his wishes of seeing the second sister as comfortably settled in the world as the first seemed to be.

“ But (said he) are you two the only ones left? What is become of my little smiling playfellow *Amelia*? I remember her as if it were yesterday, coming behind my chair, and giving me a sly pull, and then running away that I might follow her for a kiss. I

should be sorry if any thing had happened to her." "Alas, Sir (said the eldest niece), she has been the cause of an infinite deal of trouble to her friends! She was always a giddy girl, and her misconduct has proved her ruin. It would be happy if we could all forget her!" "What then (said the uncle) has she dishonoured herself? Poor creature!" "I cannot say (replied the niece), that she has done so in the worst sense of the word; but she has disgraced herself and her family by a hasty foolish match with one beneath her, and it has ended, as might have been expected, in poverty and wretchedness." "I am glad (returned the captain) that it is no worse; for though I much disapproved of improper matches, yet young girls may fall into still greater evils, and where there is no crime, there can be no irreparable disgrace. But who was the man, and what did my brother say to it?"

“Why, Sir, I cannot say but it was partly my father’s own fault; for he took a sort of liking to the young man, who was a drawing-master employed in the family, and would not forbid him the house, after we had informed him of the danger of an attachment between Amelia and him. So when it was too late, he fell into a violent passion about it, which had no other effect than to drive the girl directly into her lover’s arms. They married and soon fell into difficulties. My father of course would do nothing for them; and when he died, he not only disinherited her, but made us promise no longer to look upon her as a sister.” “And you *did* make that promise?” said the captain, in a tone of surprise and displeasure. “We could not disobey our parent (replied the other sister); but we have several times sent her relief in her necessities, though it was improper for us to see her!”

“ And pray what has become of her at last—where is she now?” “ Really, she and her husband have shifted their lodgings so often, that it is some time since we heard any thing about them.”

“ Some time! how long?” “ Perhaps half a year or more.” “ Poor outcast! (cried the captain, in a sort of muttered half-voice) *I* have made no promise, however, to renounce thee. Be pleased, madam (he continued, addressing himself gravely to the married niece), to favour me with the last direction you had to this unfortunate sister.” She blushed and looked confused; and at length after a good deal of searching, presented it to her uncle. “ But, my dear Sir (said she), you will not think of leaving us to-day? My servant shall make all the inquiries you choose, and save you the trouble; and to-morrow you can ride to town, and do as you think proper.” “ My good niece (said the

captain), I am but an indifferent sleeper, and I am afraid things would run in my head and keep me awake. Besides, I am naturally impatient, and love to do my business myself. You will excuse me." So saying he took up his hat, and without much ceremony went out of the house, and took the road to town on foot, leaving his two nieces somewhat disconcerted.

When he arrived, he went without delay to the place mentioned, which was a by-street near Soho. The people who kept the lodgings informed him, that the persons he inquired after had left them several months, and they did not know what was become of them. This threw the captain into great perplexity; but while he was considering what he should do next, the woman of the house recollected that Mr. Bland (that was the drawing-master's name) had been employed at a certain school,

where information about him might possibly be obtained. Captain Cornish hastened away to the place, and was informed by the master of the school that such a man had, indeed, been engaged there, but had ceased to attend for some time past. "He was a very well-behaved industrious young man (added the master), but in distressed circumstances, which prevented him from making that genteel appearance which we expect in all who attend our school; so I was obliged to dismiss him. It was a great force upon my *feelings*, I assure you, Sir, to do so; but you know the thing could not be helped." The captain eyed him with indignant contempt, and said, "I suppose then, Sir, your *feelings* never suffered you to inquire where this poor creature lodged, or what became of him afterwards?" "As to that (replied the master) every man knows his own business best, and my

time is fully taken up 'with my own concerns; but I believe I have a note of the lodgings he then occupied—here it is." The captain took it, and turning on his heel, withdrew in silence.

He posted away to the place, but there too had the mortification of learning that he was too late. The people however told him that they believed he might find the family he was seeking, in a neighbouring alley, at a lodging up three pair of stairs. The captain's heart sunk within him; however, taking a boy as a guide, he proceeded immediately to the spot. On going up the narrow creaking staircase, he met a man coming down with a bed on his shoulders. At the top of the landing stood another with a bundle of blankets, and sheets. A woman with a child in her arms was expostulating with him, and he heard her exclaim, "Cruel! not to leave me *one* bed for myself and my

poor children!" "Stop (said the captain to the man), set down those things." The man hesitated. The captain renewed his command in a peremptory tone; and then advanced towards the woman. They looked earnestly at each other. Through her pale and emaciated features he saw something of his little smiler; and at length, in a faint voice, he addressed her, "Are you Amelia Cornish?" "That *was* my name," she replied. "I am your uncle," he cried, clasping her in his arms, and sobbing as if his heart would break. "My uncle!" said she, and fainted. He was just able to set her down on the only remaining chair, and take her child from her. Two other young children came running up, and began to scream with terror. Amelia recovered herself. "Oh, Sir, what a situation you see me in!" "A situation, indeed! (said he)

Poor forsaken creature! but you have *one* friend left!"

He then asked what was become of her husband. She told him, that having fatigued himself with walking every day to a great distance for a little employment, that scarcely afforded them bread, he had fallen ill, and was now in an hospital, and that after having been obliged to sell most of their little furniture and clothes for present subsistence, their landlord had just seized their only remaining bed for some arrears of rent. The captain immediately discharged the debt, and causing the bed to be brought up again, dismissed the man. He then entered into a conversation with his niece about the events that had befallen her. "Alas! Sir (said she), I am sensible I was greatly to blame in disobeying my father, and leaving his roof as I did; but perhaps something might be alleged in my ex-

cuse—at least, years of calamity and distress may be an expiation. As to my husband, however, he has never given me the least cause of complaint—he has ever been kind and good, and what we have suffered has been through misfortune, and not fault. To be sure, when we married, we did not know how a family was to be maintained. His was a poor employment, and sickness and other accidents soon brought us to a state of poverty, from which we could never retrieve ourselves. He, poor man! was never idle when he could help it, and denied himself every indulgence in order to provide for the wants of me and the children. I did my part too as well as I was able. But my father's unrelenting severity made me quite heart-broken; and though my sisters two or three times gave us a little relief in our pressing necessities—for nothing else could have made me ask in the

manner I did—yet they would never permit me to see them, and for some time past have entirely abandoned us. I thought Heaven had abandoned us too. The hour of extremest distress was come; but you have been sent for our comfort.” “And your comfort, please God! I will be,” cried the captain with energy. “You are my own dear child, and your little ones shall be mine too. Dry up your tears—better days, I hope, are approaching.”

Evening was now coming on, and it was too late to think of changing lodgings. The captain procured a neighbour to go out for some provisions and other necessaries, and then took his leave, with a promise of being with his niece early the next morning. Indeed, as he proposed going to pay a visit to her husband, she was far from wishing to detain him longer. He went directly thence to the hospital, and

having got access to the apothecary, begged to be informed of the real state of his patient Bland. The apothecary told him that he laboured under a slow fever, attended with extreme dejection of spirits, but that there were no signs of urgent danger. "If you will allow me to see him (said the captain) I believe I shall be able to administer a cordial more effectual, perhaps, than all your medicines." He was shown up to the ward where the poor man lay, and, seated by his bed-side, "Mr. Bland (said he), I am a stranger to you, but I come to bring you some news of your family." The sick man roused himself, as it were, from a stupor, and fixed his eyes in silence on the captain. He proceeded—"Perhaps you may have heard of an uncle that your wife had in the East Indies—he is come home, and—and—I am he." Upon this he eagerly stretched out his hand,

and taking that of Bland, which was thrust out of the bed-clothes to meet it, gave it a cordial shake. The sick man's eyes glistened—he grasped the captain's hand with all his remaining strength, and drawing it to his mouth, kissed it with fervour. All he could say was, “God bless you!—be kind to poor Amelia!” “I will—I will—(cried the captain) I will be a father to you all—Cheer up—keep up your spirits—all will be well!” He then, with a kind look and another shake of the hand, wished him a good night, and left the poor man lightened at once of half his disease.

The captain went home to the coffee-house where he lodged, got a light supper, and went early to bed. After meditating some time with heartfelt satisfaction on the work of the day, he fell into a sweet sleep, which lasted till day-break. The next morning early, he

rose and sallied forth in search of furnished lodgings. After some inquiry, he met with a commodious set, in a pleasant airy situation, for which he agreed. He then drove to Amelia, and found her and her children neat and clean, and as well drest as their poor wardrobe would admit. He embraced them with the utmost affection, and rejoiced Amelia's heart with a favourable account of her husband. He then told them to prepare for a ride with him. The children were overjoyed at the proposal, and they accompanied him down to the coach in high spirits. Amelia scarcely knew what to think or expect. They drove first to a warehouse for ready-made linen, where the captain made Amelia furnish herself with a complete set of every thing necessary for present use for the children and herself, not forgetting some shirts for her husband. Thence they went

to a clothes shop, where the little boy was supplied with a jacket and trowsers, a hat and great coat, and the girl with another great coat and a bonnet—both were made as happy as happy could be. They were next all furnished with new shoes. In short they had not proceeded far, before the mother and three children were all in complete new habiliments, decent but not fine; while the old ones were all tied up in a great bundle, and destined for some family still poorer than they had been.

The captain then drove to the lodgings he had taken, and which he had directed to be put in thorough order. He led Amelia up stairs, who knew not whither she was going. He brought her into a handsome parlour, and seated her in a chair. This, my dear, said he, is your house. I hope you will let me now and then come and see you in it. Amelia turned pale and could not speak.

At length a flood of tears came to her relief, and she suddenly threw herself at her uncle's feet, and poured out thanks and blessings in a broken voice. He raised her, and kindly kissing her and her children, slipped a purse of gold into her hand, and hurried down stairs.

He next went to the hospital, and found Mr. Bland sitting up in bed, and taking some food with apparent pleasure. He sat down by him. "God bless you! Sir (said Bland), I see now it is all a reality, and not a dream. Your figure has been haunting me all night, and I have scarcely been able to satisfy myself whether I had really seen and spoke to you, or whether it was a fit of delirium. Yet my spirits have been lightened, and I have now been eating with a relish I have not experienced for many days past. But may I ask how is my poor Amelia and my little ones?" "They are well and happy, my good

friend (said the captain), and I hope you will soon be so along with them."

The apothecary came up and felt his patient's pulse. "You are a lucky doctor indeed, Sir (said he to captain Cornish), you have cured the poor man of his fever. His pulse is as calm as my own." The captain consulted him about the safety of removing him; and the apothecary thought that there would be no hazard in doing it that very day. The captain waited the arrival of the physician, who confirmed the same opinion. A sedan-chair was procured, and full directions being obtained for the future treatment, with the physician's promise to look after him, the captain walked before the chair, to the new lodgings. On the knock at the door, Amelia looked out of window, and seeing the chair, ran down, and met her uncle and husband in the passage. The poor man, not knowing where he

was, and gazing wildly around him, was carried up stairs and placed upon a good bed, while his wife and children assembled around it. A glass of wine brought by the people of the house restored him to his recollection, when a most tender scene ensued, which the uncle closed as soon as he could, for fear of too much agitating the yet feeble organs of the sick man.

By Amelia's constant attention, assisted by proper help, Mr. Bland shortly recovered; and the whole family lost their sickly emaciated appearance, and became healthy and happy. The kind uncle was never long absent from them, and was always received with looks of pleasure and gratitude that penetrated his very soul. He obtained for Mr. Bland a good situation in the exercise of his profession, and took Amelia and her children into his special care. As to his other nieces, though he did

not entirely break off his connexion with them, but, on the contrary, showed them occasional marks of the kindness of a relation, yet he could never look upon them with true cordiality. . And as they had so well kept their promise to their father of never treating Amelia as a sister, while in her afflicted state, he took care not to tempt them to break it, now she was in a favoured and prosperous condition.

MASTER AND SLAVE.

MASTER. Now, villain! what have you to say for this second attempt to run away? Is there any punishment that you do not deserve?

Slave. I well know that nothing I can say will avail. I submit to my fate.

M. But are you not a base fellow, a hardened and ungrateful rascal?

S. I am a *slave*. That is answer enough.

M. I am not content with that answer. I thought I discerned in you some tokens of a mind superior to your condition. I treated you accordingly. You have been comfortably fed and lodged, not overworked, and attended with the most humane care when you were sick. And is this the return?

S. Since you condescend to talk with me as man to man, I will reply. What have you done—what can you do for me, that will compensate for the liberty which you have taken away?

M. I did not take it away. You were a slave when I fairly purchased you.

S. Did I give my consent to the purchase?

M. You had no consent to give. You had already lost the right of disposing of yourself.

S. I had lost the *power* ; but how the *right*? I was treacherously kidnapped in my own country, when following an honest occupation. I was put into chains, sold to one of your countrymen, carried by force on board his ship, brought hither and exposed to sale like a beast in the market, where you bought me. What step in this progress of violence and injustice can give a *right*? Was it in the villain who stole me, in the slave-merchant who tempted him to do so, or in you who encouraged the slave-merchant to bring his cargo of human cattle to cultivate your lands?

M. It is in the order of Providence that one man should become subservient to another. It ever has been so, and ever will be. I found the custom, and did not make it.

S. You cannot but be sensible that the robber who puts a pistol to your breast may make just the same plea. Providence gives him a power over your life and property; it gave my enemies a power over my liberty. But it has also given me legs to escape with; and what should prevent me from using them? Nay, what should restrain me from retaliating the wrongs I have suffered, if a favourable occasion should offer?

M. Gratitude, I repeat—gratitude! Have I not endeavoured ever since I possessed you to alleviate your misfortunes by a kind treatment, and does that confer no obligation? Consider how much worse your condition might have been under another master?

S. You have done nothing for me more than for your working cattle. Are they not well fed and tended? do you work them harder than your slaves? is not the rule of treating both

only your own advantage? You treat both your men and beast slaves better than some of your neighbours, because you are more prudent and wealthy than they.

M. You might add, more *humane* too.

S. Humane! does it deserve that appellation to keep your fellow men in forced subjection, deprived of all exercise of their free will, liable to all the injuries that your own caprice, or the brutality of your overseers, may heap on them, and devoted, soul and body, only to your pleasure and emolument? Can gratitude take place between creatures in such a state, and the tyrant who holds them in it? Look at these limbs— are they not those of a man? think that I have the spirit of a man, too.

M. But it was my intention not only to make your life tolerably comfortable

at present, but to provide for you in your old age.

S. Alas! is a life like mine, torn from country, friends, and all I held dear, and compelled to toil under the burning sun for a master, worth thinking about for old age? No—the sooner it ends, the sooner I shall obtain that relief for which my soul pants.

M. Is it impossible, then, to hold you by any ties but those of constraint and severity?

S. It is impossible to make one who has felt the value of freedom, acquiesce in being a slave.

M. Suppose I were to restore you to your liberty, would you reckon that a favour?

S. The greatest; for although it would be only undoing a wrong, I know too well how few among mankind are capable of sacrificing interest to justice,

not to prize the exertion when it is made.

M. I do it then ;—be free.

S. Now I am indeed your servant, though not your slave. And as the first return I can make for your kindness, I will tell you freely the condition in which you live. You are surrounded with implacable foes, who long for a safe opportunity to revenge upon you and the other planters all the miseries they have endured. The more generous their natures, the more indignant they feel against the cruel injustice which has dragged them hither, and doomed them to perpetual servitude. You can rely on no kindness on your parts to soften the obduracy of their resentment. You have reduced them to the state of brute beasts, and if they have not the stupidity of beasts of burthen, they must have the ferocity of beasts of prey. Superior force alone can give you

security. As soon as that fails, you are at the mercy of the merciless. Such is the social bond between *master* and *slave*.

EARTH AND HER CHILDREN.

IN a certain district of the globe, things one year went on so ill, that almost the whole race of living beings, animals and vegetables, carried their lamentations and complaints to their common mother *the Earth*.

First came *Man*. “O Earth (said he), how can you behold unmoved the intolerable calamities of your favourite offspring! Heaven shuts up all the sources of its benignity to us, and showers plagues and pestilence on our heads—storms tear to pieces all the works of human labour—the elements of fire and water seem let loose to devour us—

and in the midst of all these evils some demon possesses us with a rage of worrying and destroying one another; so that the whole species seems doomed to perish. O, intercede in our behalf, or else receive us again into your maternal womb, and hide us from the sight of these accumulated distresses."

The other animals then spoke by their deputies, the horse, the ox, and the sheep. "O pity, mother Earth, those of your children that repose on your breast, and derive their subsistence from your foodful bosom! We are parched with drought; we are scorched by lightning, we are beaten by pitiless tempests, salubrious vegetables refuse to nourish us, we languish under disease, and the race of men treat us with unusual rigour. Never, without speedy succour, can we survive to another year."

The vegetables next, those that form

the verdant carpet of the earth, that cover the waving fields of harvest, and that spread their lofty branches in the air, sent forth their complaint:—"O, our general mother, to whose breast we cleave, and whose vital juices we drain, have compassion upon us! See how we wither and droop under the baleful gales that sweep over us—how we thirst in vain for the gentle dew of Heaven—how immense tribes of noxious insects pierce and devour us—how the famishing flocks and herds tear us up by the roots—and how men, through mutual spite, lay waste and destroy us while yet immature. Already whole nations of us are desolated, and unless you save us, another year will witness our total destruction."

"My children (said Earth), I have now existed some thousand years; and scarcely one of them has passed in which similar complaints have not risen

from one quarter or another. Nevertheless every thing has remained in nearly the same state, and no species of created beings has been finally lost. The injuries of one year are repaired by the succeeding. The growing vegetables may be blasted, but the seeds of others lie secure in my bosom, ready to receive the vital influence of more favourable seasons. Animals may be thinned by want and disease, but a remnant is always left, in whom survive the principle of future increase. As to man, who suffers not only from natural causes, but from the effects of his own follies and vices, his miseries rouse within him the latent powers of remedy, and bring him to his reason again ; while experience continually goes along with him to improve his means of happiness, if he will but listen to its dictates. Have patience, then, my children ! You were born to suffer,

as well as to enjoy, and you must submit to your lot. But console yourselves with the thought that you have a kind Master above, who created you for benevolent purposes, and will not withhold his protection when you stand most in need of it."

TWENTY-NINTH EVENING.

PROVIDENCE ;

OR,

THE SHIPWRECK. .

It was a dreadful storm. The wind blowing full on the sea-shore, rolled tremendous waves on the beach, while the half sunk rocks at the entrance of the bay were enveloped in a mist of white foam. A ship appeared in the offing, driving impetuously under her bare poles to land ; now tilting aloft on the surging waves, now plunging into the intervening hollows. Presently she rushed among the rocks, and there struck, the billows beating over her deck, and climbing up her shattered rigging. " Mercy ! mercy !" exclaimed

an ancient solitary, as he viewed from a cliff the dismal scene. It was in vain. The ship fell on her side, and was seen no more.

Soon, however, a small dark object appeared coming from the rocks towards the shore; at first dimly descried through the foam, then quite plain as it rode on the summit of a wave, then for a time totally lost. It approached, and showed itself to be a boat with men in it rowing for their lives. The solitary hastened down to the beach, and in all the agonizing vicissitudes of hope and fear watched its advance. At length, after the most imminent hazards, the boat was thrown violently on the shore, and the dripping half dead mariners crawled out to the dry land.

“Heaven be praised!” cried the solitary, “what a providential escape!” And he led the poor men to his cell, where, kindling a good fire, and bring-

ing out his little store of provisions, he restored them to health and spirits. "And are you six men the only ones saved?" said he. "That we are," answered one of them. "Threescore and fifteen men, women, and children, were in the ship when she struck. You may think what a clamour and confusion there was: women clinging to their husbands' necks, and children hanging about their clothes, all shrieking, crying and praying! There was no time to be lost. We got out the small boat in a twinkling—jumped in, without staying for our captain, who was fool enough to be minding the passengers—cut the rope, and pushed away just time enough to be clear of the ship as she went down; and here we are, all alive and merry!" An oath concluded his speech. The solitary was shocked, and could not help secretly wishing that it had pleased Providence to have saved some of the

innocent passengers, rather than these reprobates.

The sailors having got what they could, departed, scarcely thanking their benefactor, and marched up the country. Night came on. They descried a light at some distance, and made up to it. It proceeded from the window of a good-looking house, surrounded with a farm-yard and garden. They knocked at the door, and in a supplicating tone made known their distress, and begged relief. They were admitted, and treated with compassion and hospitality. In the house were the mistress, her children, and women servants, an old man and a boy: the master was abroad. The sailors, sitting round the kitchen fire, whispered to each other that here was an opportunity of making a booty that would amply compensate for the loss of clothes and wages. They settled their plan; and the old man's com-

ing with logs to the fire, one of them broke his skull with the poker, and laid him dead. Another took up a knife which had been brought with the loaf and cheese, and running after the boy, who was making his escape out of the house, stabbed him to the heart. The rest locked the doors, and after tying all the women and children, began to ransack the house. One of the children continuing to make loud exclamations, a fellow went and strangled it. They had nearly finished packing up such of the most valuable things as they could carry off, when the master of the house came home. He was a smuggler as well as a farmer, and had just returned from an expedition, leaving his companions with their goods at a neighbouring public-house. Surprised at finding the doors locked, and at seeing lights moving about in the chambers, he suspected somewhat amiss; and,

upon listening, he heard strange voices, and saw some of the sailors through the windows. He hastened back to his companions, and brought them with him just as the robbers opened the door, and were coming out with their pillage, having first set fire to the house, in order to conceal what they had done. The smuggler and his friends let fly their blunderbusses in the midst of them, and then rushing forwards, seized the survivors, and secured them. Perceiving flames in the house, they ran and extinguished them. The villains were next day led to prison amidst the curses of the neighbourhood.

The good solitary, on hearing of the event, at first exclaimed, "What a wonderful interference of Providence, to punish guilt, and protect innocence!" Pausing a while, he added, "Yet had Providence thought fit to have drowned these sailors in their passage from the ship, where they left so many bet-

ter people to perish, the lives of three innocent persons would have been saved, and these wretches would have died without such accumulated guilt and ignominy. On the other hand, had the master of the house been at home, instead of following a lawless and desperate trade, he would perhaps have perished with all his family, and the villains have escaped with their booty. What am I to think of all this?" Thus pensive and perplexed he laid him down to rest, and, after some time spent in gloomy reflections, fell asleep.

In his dream he fancied himself seated on the top of a high mountain, where he was accosted by a venerable figure in long white garments, who asked him the cause of the melancholy expressed on his countenance. "It is," said he, "because I am unable to reconcile the decrees of Providence with my ideas of wisdom and justice."

“That,” replied the stranger, “is probably because thy notions of Providence are narrow and erroneous. Thou seekest it in *particular events*, and dost not raise thy survey to the *great whole*. Every occurrence in the universe is *providential*, because it is the consequence of those laws which divine wisdom has established as most productive of the general good. But to select individual facts as more directed by the hand of Providence than others, because we think we see a particular good purpose answered by them, is an infallible inlet to error and superstition. Follow me to the edge of the cliff. He seemed to follow.

“Now look down,” said the stranger, “and tell me what thou seest.” “I see,” replied the solitary, “a hawk darting amidst a flock of small birds, one of which he has caught, while the others escape.” “And canst thou think,” rejoined the stranger, “that the single bird

made a prey of by the hawk, lies under any particular doom of Providence, or that those who fly away are more the objects of divine favour than it? Hawks by nature were made to feed upon living prey, and were endowed with strength and swiftness to enable them to overtake and master it. Thus life is sacrificed to the support of life. But to this destruction limits are set. The small birds are much more numerous and prolific than the birds of prey; and though they cannot resist his force, they have dexterity and nimbleness of flight sufficient in general to elude his pursuit. It is in this *balance* that the wisdom of Providence is seen; and what can be a greater proof of it, than that both species, the destroyer and his prey, have subsisted together from their first creation? Now look again, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said the solitary, "a thick

black cloud gathering in the sky. I hear the thunder rolling from side to side of the vault of heaven. I behold the red lightning darting from the bosom of darkness. Now it has fallen on a stately tree and shattered it to pieces, striking to the ground an ox sheltered at his foot. Now it falls again in the midst of a flock of timorous sheep, and several of them are left on the plain ;—and see ! the shepherd himself lies extended by their side. Now it strikes a lofty spire, and at the same time sets in a blaze an humble cottage beneath. It is an awful and terrible sight !”

“ It is so,” returned the stranger, “ but what dost thou conclude from it ? Dost thou not know, that from the genial heat which gives life to plants and animals, and ripens the fruits of the earth, proceeds this electrical fire, which ascending to the clouds, and charging them beyond what they are able to con-

tain, is launched again in burning bolts to the earth? Must it leave its direct course to strike the tree rather than the dome of worship, or to spend its fury on the herd rather than the herdsman! Millions of millions of living creatures have owed their birth to this active element; and shall we think it strange if a few meet their deaths from it? Thus the mountain torrent that rushes down to fertilize the plain, in its course may sweep away the works of human industry, and man himself with them; but could its benefits be purchased at another price?"

"All this," said the solitary, "I tolerably comprehend; but may I presume to ask whence have proceeded the *moral evils* of the painful scenes of yesterday? What good end is answered by making man the scourge of man, and preserving the guilty at the cost of the innocent?"

“That, too,” replied the venerable stranger, “is a consequence of the same wise laws of Providence. If it was right to make man a creature of habit, and render those things easy to him with which he is most familiar, the sailor, of course, must be better able to shift for himself in a shipwreck than the passenger; while that self-love which is essential to the preservation of life must, in general, cause him to consult his own safety preferably to that of others. The same force of habit in a way of life full of peril and hardship, must conduce to form a rough, bold, and unfeeling character. This, under the direction of principle, will make a brave man; without it, a robber and a murderer. In the latter case, human laws step in to remove the evil, which they have not been able to prevent. Wickedness meets with the fate which sooner or later

always awaits it; and innocence, though occasionally a sufferer, is proved in the end to be the surest path to happiness."

"But," resumed the solitary, "can it be said that the lot of innocence is *always* preferable to that of guilt in this world?"

"If it cannot," replied the other, "thinkest thou that the Almighty is unable to make retribution in a future world? Dismiss then from thy mind the care of *single events*, secure that the *great whole* is ordered for the best. Expect not a particular interposition of Heaven, because such an interposition would seem to thee seasonable. Thou, perhaps, wouldst stop the vast machine of the universe to save a fly from being crushed under its wheels. But innumerable flies and men are crushed every day, yet the grand motion goes on, and will go on, to fulfil the benevolent intentions of its Author."

He ceased, and sleep on a sudden left the eyelids of the solitary. He looked abroad from his cell, and beheld all nature smiling around him. The rising sun shone in a clear sky. Birds were sporting in the air, and fish glancing on the surface of the waters. Fleets were pursuing their steady course, gently wafted by the pleasant breeze. Light fleecy clouds were sailing over the blue expanse of Heaven. His soul sympathized with the scene, and peace and joy filled his bosom.

ENVY AND EMULATION.

At one of the celebrated schools of painting in Italy, a young man named Guidotto produced a piece so excellent, that it was the admiration of the masters in the art, who all declared it to be their opinion that he

could not fail of rising to the summit of his profession, should he proceed as he had begun.

This performance was looked upon with very different eyes by two of his fellow-scholars. Brunello, the elder of them, who had himself acquired some reputation in his studies, was mortified in the highest degree at this superiority of Guidotto; and regarding all the honour his rival had acquired as so much taken from himself, he conceived the most rancorous dislike of him, and longed for nothing so much as to see him lose the credit he had gained. Afraid openly to decry the merit of a work which had obtained the approbation of the best judges, he threw out secret insinuations that Guidotto had been assisted in it by one or other of his masters; and he affected to represent it as a sort of lucky hit, which the reputed author would never equal.

Not so Lorenzo. Though a very young proficient in the art, he comprehended in its full extent the excellence of Guidotto's performance, and became one of the sincerest of his admirers. Fired with the praises he saw him receive on all sides, he ardently longed one day to deserve the like. He placed him before his eyes as a fair model, which it was his highest ambition to arrive at equalling—for as to excelling him, he could not as yet conceive the possibility of it. He never spoke of him but with rapture, and could not bear to hear the detractions of Brunello.

But Lorenzo did not content himself with words. He entered with his whole soul into the career of improvement—was first and last of all the scholars in the designing room—and devoted to practice at home those hours

which the other youths passed in amusement. It was long before he could please himself with any of the attempts, and he was continually repeating over them, "Alas! how far distant is this from Guidotto's!" At length, however, he had the satisfaction of becoming sensible of progress; and having received considerable applause on account of one of his performances, he ventured to say to himself, "And why may not I too become a Guidotto?"

Meanwhile, Guidotto continued to bear away the palm from all competitors. Brunello struggled awhile to contest with him, but at length gave up the point, and consoled himself under his inferiority by ill-natured sarcasm and petulant criticism. Lorenzo worked away in silence, and it was long before his modesty would suffer him to place any piece of his in

view at the same time with one of Guidotto's.

There was a certain day in the year in which it was customary for all the scholars to exhibit their best performance in a public hall, where their merit was solemnly judged by a number of select examiners, and a prize of value was awarded to the most excellent. Guidotto had prepared for this anniversary with a piece which was to excel all he had before executed. He had just finished it on the evening before the exhibition, and nothing remained but to heighten the colouring by means of a transparent varnish. The malignant Brunello contrived artfully to convey into the phial containing this varnish some drops of a caustic preparation, the effect of which would be entirely to destroy the beauty and splendour of the piece. Guidotto laid it on by candle-light, and then with

great satisfaction hung up his picture in the public room against the morrow.

Lorenzo, too, with beating heart, had prepared himself for the day. With vast application he had finished a piece which he humbly hoped might appear not greatly inferior to some of Guidotto's earlier performances.

The important day was now arrived. The company assembled, and were introduced into the great room, where the light had just been fully admitted by drawing up a curtain. All went up with raised expectations to Guidotto's picture, when, behold! instead of the brilliant beauty they had conceived, there was nothing but a dead surface of confused and blotched colours. "Surely (they cried) this cannot be Guidotto's!" The unfortunate youth himself came up, and in beholding the dismal change of his favourite piece, burst out into an agony of grief, and exclaimed that he

was betrayed and undone. The vile Brunello in a corner was enjoying his distress. But Lorenzo was little less affected than Guidotto himself. "Trick! knavery!" he cried. "Indeed, gentlemen, this is not Guidotto's work, I saw it when only half finished, and it was a most charming performance. Look at the outline, and judge what it must have been before it was so basely injured."

The spectators were all struck with Lorenzo's generous warmth, and sympathised in the disgrace of Guidotto; but it was impossible to adjudge the prize to his picture in the state in which they beheld it. They examined all the others attentively, and that of Lorenzo, till then an unknown artist to them, gained a great majority of suffrages. The prize was therefore awarded to him; but Lorenzo, on receiving it, went up to Guidotto, and

presenting it to him, said, "Take what merit would undoubtedly have acquired for you, had not the basest malice and envy defrauded you of it. To me it is honour enough to be accounted your second. If hereafter I may aspire to equal you, it shall be by means of fair competition, not by the aid of treachery."

Lorenzo's nobleness of conduct excited the warmest encomiums among the judges, who at length determined, that for this time there should be two equal prizes distributed; for that if Guidotto had deserved the prize of painting, Lorenzo was entitled to that of virtue.

THE HOG AND OTHER ANIMALS.

A DEBATE once arose among the animals in a farm-yard, which of them was most valued by their common mas-

ter. After the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, and the dog, had stated their several pretensions, the hog took up the discourse.

“ It is plain (said he) that the greatest value must be set upon that animal which is kept most for his own sake, without expecting from him any return of use and service. Now which of you can boast so much in that respect as I can ?

“ As for you, Horse, though you are very well fed and lodged, and have servants to attend upon you, and make you sleek and clean, yet all this is for the sake of your labour. Do not I see you taken out early every morning, put in chains, or fastened to the shafts of a heavy cart, and not brought back till noon ; when, after a short respite, you are taken to work again till late in the evening ? I may say just the same to the Ox, except that he works for poorer fare.

“ For you, Mrs. Cow, who are so

dainty over your chopped straw and grains, you are thought worth keeping only for your milk, which is drained from you twice a day to the last drop, while your poor young ones are taken from you, and sent I know not whither.

“ You, poor innocent Sheep, who are turned out to shift for yourselves upon the bare hills, or penned upon the fallows with now and then a withered turnip or some musty hay, you pay dearly enough for your keep by resigning your warm coat every year, for want of which you are liable to be starved to death on some of the cold nights before summer.

“ As for the dog, who prides himself so much on being admitted to our master’s table, and made his companion, that he will scarce condescend to reckon himself one of us, he is obliged to do all the offices of a domestic servant by day, and to keep watch

during the night, while we are quietly asleep.

"In short, you are all of you creatures maintained for use—poor subservient things, made to be enslaved or pillaged. I, on the contrary, have a warm sty and plenty of provisions all at free cost. I have nothing to do but grow fat and follow my amusement; and my master is best pleased when he sees me lying at ease in the sun, or filling my belly."

Thus argued the Hog, and put the rest to silence by so much logic and rhetoric. This was not long before winter set in. It proved a very scarce season for fodder of all kinds; so that the farmer began to consider how he was to maintain all his live stock till spring. "It will be impossible for me (thought he) to keep them all; I must therefore part with those I can best spare. As for my horses and working oxen, I shall have business enough to employ them;

they must be kept, cost what it will. My cows will not give me much milk in the winter, but they will calve in the spring, and be ready for the new grass. I must not lose the profit of my dairy. The sheep, poor things, will take care of themselves as long as there is a bite upon the hills ; and if deep snow comes, we must do with them as well as we can by the help of a few turnips and some hay, for I must have their wool at shearing-time to make out my rent with. But my hogs will eat me out of house and home, without doing me any good. They must go to pot, that's certain ; and the sooner I get rid of the fat ones, the better."

So saying, he singled out the *orator* as one of the prime among them, and sent him to the butcher the very next day.

THE BIRTH-DAY GIFT.

THE populous kingdom of Ava, in India beyond the Ganges, was once inherited by a minor prince, who was brought up in the luxurious indolence of an eastern palace. When he had reached the age of seventeen, which, by the laws of that country, was the period of majority for the crown, all the great men of his court, and the governors of the provinces, according to established custom, laid at his feet presents consisting of the most costly products of art and nature that they had been able to procure. One offered a casket of the most precious jewels of Golconda ; another a curious piece of clockwork made by an European artist ; another, a piece of the richest silk from the looms of China ; another, a bezoar stone said to be a

sovereign antidote against all poisons and infectious diseases; another, a choice piece of the most fragrant rose-wood, in a box of ebony inlaid with pearls; another, a golden cruse full of genuine balsam of Mecca; another, a courser of the purest breed of Arabia; and another, a female slave of exquisite beauty. The whole court of the palace was overspread with rarities; and long rows of slaves were continually passing loaded with vessels and utensils of gold and silver, and other articles of high price.

At length an aged magistrate from a distant province made his appearance. He was simply clad in a long cotton robe, and his hoary beard waved on his breast. He made his obeisance before the young monarch, and holding forth an embroidered silken bag, he thus addressed him:

“ Deign, great king, to accept the

faithful homage and fervent good wishes of thy servant on this important day, and with them, the small present I hold in my hand. Small, indeed, it is in show, but not so, I trust, in value. Others have offered what may decorate thy person—here is, what will impart perpetual grace and lustre to thy features. Others have presented thee with rich perfumes—here is what will make thy name sweet and fragrant to the latest ages. Others have given what may afford pleasure to thine eyes—here is what will nourish a source of never-failing pleasure within thy breast.—Others have furnished thee with preservatives against bodily contagion—here is what will preserve thy better parts uncontaminated. Others have heaped round thee the riches of a temporal kingdom — this will secure thee the treasures of an eternal one.”

He said, and drew from the purse a book, containing *the moral Precepts of the sage Zendar*, the wisest and most virtuous man the East had ever beheld. “If” (he proceeded) “my gracious sovereign will condescend to make this his constant companion, not an hour can pass in which its perusal may not be a comfort and a blessing. In the arduous duties of thy station it will prove a faithful guide and counsellor. Amidst the allurements of pleasure and the incitements of passion, it will be an incorruptible monitor, that will never suffer thee to err without warning thee of thy error. It will render thee a blessing to thy people, and blessed in thyself; for what sovereign can be the one without the other?”

He then returned the book to its place, and kneeling, gave it into the hands of the king. He received it

with respect and benignity; and history affirms that the use he made of it corresponded with the wishes of the donor.

THIRTIETH EVENING.

A GLOBE LECTURE.

Papa—Lucy.

Papa. You may remember, Lucy, that I talked to you some time ago about the earth's motion round the sun.

Lucy. Yes, papa ; and you said you would tell me another time somewhat about the other planets.

P. I mean some day to take you to the lecture of an ingenious philosopher who has contrived a machine that will give you a better notion of these things in an hour, than I could by mere talking in a week. But it is now my intention to make you better acquainted with this globe which we inhabit, and which,

indeed is the most important to us. Cast your eyes upon this little ball. You see it is a representation of the earth, being covered with a painted map of the world. This map is crossed with lines in various directions; but all you have to observe relative to what I am going to talk about, is the great line across the middle, called the *equator* or *equinoctial line*, and the two points at top and bottom called the *poles*, of which the uppermost is the northern, the lowermost the southern.

L. I see them.

P. Now, the sun, which illuminates all the parts of this globe by turns as they roll round before it, shines directly upon the equator, but darts its rays aslant towards the poles; and this is the cause of the great heat perceived in the middle regions of the earth, and of its gradual diminution as you proceed from them on either side towards the

extremities. To use a vulgar illustration, it is like a piece of meat roasting before a fire, the middle part of which is liable to be overdone, while the two ends are raw.

L. I can comprehend that.

P. From this simple circumstance some of the greatest differences on the surface of the earth, with respect to man, other animals, and vegetables, proceed; for heat is the great principle of life and vegetation; and where it most prevails, provided it be accompanied with due moisture, nature is most replenished with all sorts of living and growing things. In general, then, the countries lying on each side about the equator, and forming a broad belt round the globe, called the *tropics*, or *torrid zone*, are rich and exuberant in their products to a degree much superior to what we see in our climates. Trees and other plants shoot to a vast size, and

are clothed in perpetual verdure, and loaded with flowers of the gayest colours and sweetest fragrance, succeeded by fruits of high flavour or abundant nutriment. The insect tribe is multiplied so as to fill all the air, and many of them astonish by their size and extraordinary forms, and the splendour of their hues. The ground is all alive with reptiles, some harmless, some armed with deadly poisons.

L. O, but I should not like that at all.

P. The birds, however, decked in the gayest plumage conceivable, must give unmixed delight; and a tropical forest, filled with parrots, mackaws, and peacocks, and enlivened with the gambols of monkeys and other nimble quadrupeds, must be a very amusing spectacle. The largest of quadrupeds, too, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, are natives of these regions; and not only these sublime

and harmless animals, but the terrible lion, the cruel tiger, and all the most ravenous beasts of prey, are here found in their greatest bulk and fierceness.

L. That would be worse than the insects and reptiles.

P. The sea likewise is filled with inhabitants of an immense variety of size and figure; not only fishes, but tortoises, and all the shelly tribes. The shores are spread with shells of a beauty unknown to our coasts; for it would seem as if the influence of the solar heat penetrated into the farthest recesses of nature.

L. How I should like to ramble on the sea-side there!

P. But the elements, too, are there upon a grand and terrific scale. The sky either blazes with intolerable beams, or pours down rain in irresistible torrents. The winds swell to furious hurricanes, which often desolate the whole face of nature in a day.

Earthquakes rock the ground, and sometimes open it in chasms, which swallow up entire cities. Storms raise the waves of the ocean into mountains, and drive them in a deluge to the land.

L. Ah! that would spoil my shell-gathering. These countries may be very fine, but I don't like them.

P. Well then—we will turn from them to the *temperate* regions. You will observe, on looking at the map, that these chiefly lie on the northern side of the tropics; for on the southern side, the space is almost wholly occupied by sea. Though geographers have drawn a boundary line between the torrid and temperate zones, yet nature has made none; and for a considerable space on the borders, the diminution of heat is so gradual as to produce little difference in the appearance of nature. But, in general, the

temperate *zones* or *belts* form the most desirable districts on the face of the earth. Their products are extremely various, and abound in beauty and utility. Corn, wine, and oil, are among their vegetable stores: the horse, the ox, and the sheep, graze their verdant pastures. Their seasons have the pleasing vicissitudes of summer and winter, spring and autumn. Though in some parts they are subject to excess of heat, and in others of cold, yet they deserve the general praise of a mild temperature compared to the rest of the globe.

L. They are the countries for me, then.

P. You *do* live in one of them, though our island is situated so far to the north, that it ranks rather among the cold countries than the warm ones. However, we have the good fortune to be a long way removed from those dreary and comfortless

tracts of the globe which lie about the poles, and are called the *frigid zones*. In these, the cheering influence of the sun gradually becomes extinct, and perpetual frost and snow takes possession of the earth. Trees and plants diminish in number and size, till at length no vegetables are found but some mosses and a few stunted herbs. Land animals are reduced to three or four species; reindeer, white bears, arctic foxes, and snow birds. The sea, however, as far as it remains free from ice, is all alive with the finny tribe. Enormous whales spout [and gambol among the floating ice-islands, and herds of seals pursue the shoals of smaller fish, and harbour in the caverns of the rocky coasts.

L. Then I suppose these creatures have not much to do with the sun.

P. Nature has given them powers of enduring cold beyond those of many other animals; and then the water

is always warmer than the land in cold climates; nay, at a certain depth, it is equally warm in all parts of the globe;

L. Well, but as I cannot go to the bottom of the sea, I desire to have nothing to do with these dismal countries. But do any men live there.

P. It is one of the wonderful things belonging to man, that he is capable of living in all parts of the globe where any other animals live. And as nothing relative to this earth is so important to us as the condition of human creatures in it, suppose we take a general survey of the different races of men who inhabit all the tracts we have been speaking of?

L. Blacks, and whites, and all colours?

P. Surely. If a black dog is as much a dog as a white one, why should not a black man be as much a man? I know nothing that colour has to do

with mind. Well then—to go back to the equator. The middle or tropical girdle of the earth, which by the ancients was concluded to be uninhabitable from its extreme heat, has been found by modern discoveries to be as well filled with men as it is with other living creatures. And no wonder; for life is maintained here at less cost than elsewhere. Clothes and fuel are scarcely at all necessary. A shed of bamboo covered with palm leaves serves for a house; and food is almost the spontaneous produce of nature. The bread fruit, the cocoa, the banana, and the plaintain, offer their stores freely to the gatherer; and if he takes the additional pains to plant a few yams, or sow a little Indian corn, he is furnished with never-failing plenty. Hence the inhabitants of many tropical countries live nearly in what is called a state of nature, without care or labour, using the gifts of Providence

like the animals around them. The naked Indian, stretched at ease under the shade of a lofty tree, passes his hours in indolent repose, unless roused to temporary exertion by the passion of the chase, or the love of dancing and other social sports.

L. Well—that would be a charming life !

P. So the poet Thomson seemed to think, when he burst out into a rapturous description of the beauties and pleasures afforded by these favoured regions. Perhaps you can remember some of his lines.

L. I will try.

— Thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmettoes lift their grateful shade.
O, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its fresh'ning wine !

P. Delightful! Think, however, at what price they purchase this indolent enjoyment of life. In the first place, all the work that is done is thrown upon the women, who are always most tyrannized over, the nearer a people approach to a state of nature.

L. Oh horrible! I am glad I do not live there.

P. Then the mind not having that spur to exertion which necessity alone can give, moulders in inaction, and becomes incapable of those advances in knowledge and vigour which raise and dignify the human character.

L. But that is the same with lazy people every where.

P. True. The excessive heat, however, of these countries seems of itself to relax the mind, and unfit it for its noblest exertions. And I question if a single instance could be produced of an original inhabitant of the tropics,

who has attained to eminence in the higher walks of science. It is their general character to be gay, volatile, and thoughtless, subject to violent passions, but commonly mild and gentle, fond of society and amusements, ingenious in little arts, but incapable of great or long continued efforts. They form a large portion of the human race, and probably not the least happy. You see what vast tracts of land lie within this division; most of Africa and South America, all the great islands of Asia, and two of its large peninsulas. Of these the Asiatic part is the most populous and civilized; indeed many of its nations are as far removed from a state of nature as we are, and their constitutional indolence has been completely overcome by necessity. The clothing of those who are in a civilized state is mostly made of cotton, which is a natural product of those climates. Their food is chiefly of the

vegetable kind ; and besides the articles already mentioned, consists much of rice.

L. Are the people all black ?

P. Yes ; entirely or nearly so.

L. I suppose that is owing to the heat of the sun.

P. Undoubtedly ; for we find all the shades from jet black to tawny, and at length white, as we proceed from the equator towards the poles. The African negroes, however, from their curled woolly hair and their flat features, have been supposed an originally distinct race of mankind. The East-Indian blacks, though under an equally hot climate, have long flowing hair, and features not different from their fairer neighbours. Almost all these nations are subject to despotic governments. In religion they are mostly pagans, with a mixture of Mahometans.

L. I think we have had enough about these people.

P. Well then—look again on the globe to the northern side of the tropics, and see what a tour we shall take you among the inhabitants of the north temperate zone. Here are all the most famous places on the earth; rich populous countries, renowned at different periods for arts and arms. Here is the greatest part of Asia, a little of Africa, all Europe and North America.

L. I suppose, however, there must be great differences both in the climate and the way of life, in so many countries.

P. Extremely great. The southern parts partake a good deal of the character of the tropical regions. The heat is still excessive, and renders exertion painful; whence the people have in general been reckoned soft, effeminate, and voluptuous. Let us, however, look at them a little closer. Here is the mighty empire of China, swarming with people to such a degree

that notwithstanding its size and fertility, the inhabitants are obliged to exert the greatest industry to procure the necessaries of life. Nearly in a line with it are the Mogul's Empire, the kingdom of Persia, and the Turkish dominions in Asia; all warm climates, abounding in products of use and beauty, and inhabited by numerous and civilized people. Here stretches out the great peninsula of Arabia, for the most part a dry and desert land, overspread with burning sands, only to be crossed by the patient camel. Wild and ferocious tribes of men wander over it, chiefly subsisted by their herds and flocks, and by the trade of robbery, which they exercise on all travellers that fall in their way. A tract somewhat similar, though in a colder climate, is the vast country of Tartary, stretching like a belt from east to west across the middle of Asia;

over the immense plains and deserts of which, a number of independent tribes continually roam, fixing their moveable habitations in one part or another, according as they afford pasturage to their herds of cattle and horses. These men have for many ages lived in the same simple state, unacquainted as well with the arts as the vices of civilized nations.

L. Well. I think it must be a very pleasant life to ramble about from place to place, and change one's abode according to the season.

P. The Tartars think so; for the worst wish they can find for a man, is that he may live in a house and work like a Russian. Now look at Europe. See what a small figure it makes on the surface of the globe as to size; and yet it has for many ages held the first place in knowledge, activity, civilization, and all the qualities that elevate man among his fellows. For

this it is much indebted to that temperature of climate which calls forth all the faculties of man in order to render life comfortable, yet affords enough of the beauties of nature to warm the heart and exalt the imagination. Men here earn their bread with the sweat of their brow. Nature does not drop her fruits into their mouths, but offers them as the price of labour. Human wants are many. Clothes, food, lodging, are all objects of much care and contrivance, but the human powers fully exerted are equal to the demand; and nowhere are enjoyments so various and multiplied. What the land does not yield itself, its inhabitants by their active industry procure from the remotest parts of the globe. When we drink tea, we sweeten the infusion of a Chinese herb with the juice of a West Indian cane; and your common dress is composed of materials collected from

the equator to the frigid zone. Europeans render all countries and climates familiar to them; and every where they assume a superiority over the less enlightened or less industrious natives.

L. Then Europe for me, after all. But is not America as good?

P. That part of North America which has been settled by Europeans, is only another Europe in manners and civilization. But the original inhabitants of that extensive country were bold and hardy barbarians, and many of them continue so to this day. So much for the temperate zone, which contains the prime of mankind. They differ extremely, however, in governments, laws, customs, and religions. The Christian religion has the credit of reckoning among its votaries all the civilized people of Europe and America. The Mahometan possesses all the nearer parts

of Asia and the north of Africa, but China, Japan, and most of the circumjacent countries, profess different forms of paganism. The east, in general, is enslaved to despotism ; but the nobler west enjoys in most of its states more or less of freedom.

As to the frigid zone, its few inhabitants can but just sustain a life little better than that of the brutes. Their faculties are benumbed by the climate. Their chief employment is the fishery or the chase, by which they procure their food. The tending of herds of reindeer in some parts varies their occupations and diet. They pass their long winters in holes dug under ground, where they doze out most of their time in stupid repose.

L. I wonder any people should stay in such miserable places.

P. Yet none of the inhabitants of the globe seem more attached to their

country and way of life. Nor do they, indeed, want powers to render their situation tolerably comfortable. Their canoes, and fishing and hunting tackle, are made with great ingenuity; and their clothing is admirably adapted to fence against the rigours of cold. They are not without some amusements to cheer the gloom of their condition; but they are abjectly superstitious, and given to fear and melancholy.

L. If I had my choice I would rather go to a warmer than a colder country.

P. Perhaps the warmer countries are pleasanter; but there are few advantages which are not balanced by some inconveniences; and it is the truest wisdom to be contented with our lot, and endeavour to make the best of it. One great lesson, however, I wish you to derive from this globe-lecture. You see that no part of

the world is void of our human brethren, who, amidst all the diversities of character and condition, are yet all *men*, filling the station in which their Creator has placed them. We are too apt to look at the differences of mankind, and to undervalue all those who do not agree with us in matters that we think of high importance. But who are we—and what cause have we to think ourselves right, and all others wrong? Can we imagine that hundreds of millions of our species in other parts of the world are left destitute of what is essential to their well-being, while a favoured few like ourselves are the only ones who possess it? Having all a common nature, we must necessarily agree in more things than we differ in. The road to virtue and happiness is alike open to all. The mode of pursuit is various ; the end is the same.

THE GAIN OF A LOSS.

PHILANDER possessed a considerable place about the court, which obliged him to live in a style of show and expense. He kept high company, made frequent entertainments, and brought up a family of several daughters in all the luxurious elegance which his situation and prospects seemed to justify. His wife had balls and routs at her own house, and frequented all the places of fashionable amusement. After some years passed in this manner, a sudden change of parties threw Philander out of his employment, and at once ruined all his plans of future advancement. Though his place had been lucrative, the expence it led him into more than compensated the profits, so that, instead of saving anything, he had involved himself considerably in debt. His creditors,

on hearing of the change in his affairs, became so importunate, that in order to satisfy them, he was compelled to sell a moderate paternal estate, in a remote county, reserving nothing out of it but one small farm. Philander had strength of mind sufficient to enable him at once to decide on the best plan to be followed in his present circumstances; instead, therefore, of wasting his time and remaining property in fruitless attempts to interest his town friends in his favour, he sold off his fine furniture, and without delay carried down his whole family to the little spot he could still call his own, where he commenced a life of industry and strict frugality in the capacity of a small farmer. It was long before the female part of his household could accommodate themselves to a mode of living so new to them, and so destitute of all that they had been accustomed to regard as essential to their very

existence. At length, however, mutual affection and natural good sense, and above all, necessity, brought them to acquiesce tolerably in their situation, and to engage in earnest in its duties. Occasional regrets, however, could not but remain ; and the silent sigh would tell whither their thoughts were fled.

Philander perceived it, but took care never to embitter their feelings by harsh chidings or untimely admonitions. But on the anniversary of their taking possession of the farm-house; he assembled them under a spreading tree that grew before their little garden, and while the summer's sun gilded all the objects around, he thus addressed them :

“ My dear partners in every fortune, if the revolution of a year has had the effect on your mind that it has on mine, I may congratulate you on our condition. I am now able with a firm tone to ask myself, what have I lost? and I feel so

much more to be pleased with than to regret, that the question gives me rather comfort than sorrow. Look at yon splendid luminary, and tell me if its gradual appearance above the horizon on a fine morning, shedding light and joy over the wide creation, be not a grander as well as a more heart-cheering spectacle than that of the most magnificent saloon, illuminated with dazzling lustres. Is not the spirit of the wholesome breeze, fresh from the mountain, and perfumed with wild flowers, infinitely more invigorating to the senses than the air of the crowded drawing-room, loaded with scented powder and essences? Did we relish so well the disguised dishes with which a French cook strove to whet our sickly appetites, as we do our draught of new milk, our home-made loaf, and the other articles of our simple fare? Was our sleep so sweet after midnight suppers and the long vigils of cards, as it is

now, that early rising and the exercises of the day prepare us for closing our eyes as soon as night has covered every thing with her friendly veil? Shall we complain that our clothes at present only answer the purpose of keeping us warm, when we recollect all the care and pains it cost us to keep pace with the fashion, and the mortification we underwent at being outshone by our superiors in fortune? Did not the vexation of insolent and unfaithful servants overbalance the trouble we now find in waiting on ourselves? We may regret the loss of society; but, alas! what was the society of a crowd of visitors who regarded us merely as the keepers of a place of public resort, and whom we visited with similar sensations? If we formerly could command leisure to cultivate our minds and acquire polite accomplishments; did we, in reality, apply much leisure to these purposes,

and is not our time now filled more to our satisfaction by employments of which we cannot doubt the usefulness? not to say, that the moral virtues we are now called upon to exercise, afford the truest cultivation to our minds. What, then, have we lost? In improved health, the charms of a beautiful country, a decent supply of all real wants, and the love and kind offices of each other, do not we still possess enough for worldly happiness? We have lost, indeed, a certain rank and station in life; but have we not acquired another as truly respectable? We are debarred the prospects of future advancement; but if our present condition is a good one, why need we lament that it is likely to be lasting? The next anniversary will find us more in harmony with our situation than even the present. Look forward then cheerily. The storm is past. We have been shipwrecked, but we

have only exchanged a cumbrous vessel for a light pinnace, and we are again on our course. Much of our cargo has been thrown overboard, but no one loses what he does not miss."

Thus saying, Philander tenderly embraced his wife and daughters. The tear stood in their eyes, but consolation beamed on their hearts.

EPILOGUE.

And now, so many *Evenings* past,
 Our *Budget's* fairly out at last ;
 Exhausted all its various store,
 Nor like to be replenished more.
 Then, youthful friends, farewell! my heart
 Shall speak a blessing as we part.

May Wisdom's seeds in every mind
 Fit soil and careful culture find ;
 Each generous plant with vigour shoot,
 And kindly ripen into fruit!
 Hope of the world, the *rising race*,
 May Heav'n with fostering love embrace,
 And turning to a whiter page,
 Commence with them a *better age*!
 An age of light and joy, which we,
 Alas! in promise only see.

J. A.

THE END.

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